

FACTS AND FICTION BY THE BEST OF THEM

THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



JUNE,
1912

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THE PROLETARIAN

Drawn for THE MASSES by Chas. A. Winter.

THE WORD OF THE LORD BY BOUCK WHITE
THE OTHER WAY - - BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

ORGANIZED LABOR

By JAMES H. MAURER

President State Federation of Labor, Pennsylvania.
Member House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

Written for THE MASSES.

THE subject, organized labor, is so voluminous that the writer finds it impossible in a short article of this kind to give more than a mere review of his own personal experiences and observations.

Thirty-two years ago, when I first became identified with organized labor, conditions in the industrial field were very much different from what they are now. While the workers then were fairly well organized, the employers were not. They stood pretty much alone, each managing his affairs according to his own judgment. All were in competition with each other, all fighting for the trade of their competitors. When a strike was declared in any one or group of industries, and enough strike-breakers were secured, the unions declared a boycott on the non-union made goods. Magic-like, almost every business man engaged in the same line got busy, their salesmen stormed the districts where the boycotted goods was sold. These salesmen were nearly all members of unions (Knights of Labor). They visited the locals (assemblies) in their various districts and saw to it that committees were appointed to visit the retailers, if the local had not already done so, and between these committees and salesmen the retailers were made to see the benefit of not handling the boycotted article. At this point it was up to the salesman to sell his goods, which were "fair," and they captured the other fellow's market. In this way we, with the aid of the capitalists, were able to bring the individual operator to our way of thinking, or his financial ruin.

About 1880 it commenced to dawn upon the most far-seeing employers that the old idea that competition was the life of trade was a hideous lie. That it was all right for the workers, but all wrong for themselves, and they commenced to propound plans whereby they could abolish competition insofar as they were concerned. They pooled their interests, formed great corporations, combines, etc., and these developed into what we now refer to as the "trusts." One industry after the other fell in line, until to-day we find the capitalist class solidly organized, industrially and politically.

With their political arm they secure for themselves any and every law they need to further their own interests; the courts are of their own choice and obey their every wish. They legalized the black list and outlawed the boycott, and use the injunction wherever their own laws do not fit. The industrial organizations are a marvel of perfection; when the unions strike they find a complete change from the old order. They can no longer use the capitalist as under the old system—to beat down the competitor; the plant against which the strike is being conducted is closed and the work is done at such places where there is no strike. And after the strikers have suffered and starved a strike may take place at some other mill; they close it down, and open the one where the strikers were starved into submission. So well organized are they that the employers frequently provoke strikes, so as to enable them to clean up—get rid of their old employees and every vestige of labor organization, by inaugurating the Taylor or some other speeding-up system.

When on strike now we find that it is not only their industrial organization that confronts us, but the government as well; every public official from constable to President stands as a wall of adamant against us. In opposition to this colossal organization of capital we workers stand divided on the political field. Labor leaders in the past have advised this, just as some so-called progressive labor leaders of to-day do. And on the industrial field we still have as a weapon of defense the craft union, an organization constructed to meet an unorganized capitalist class. That it has served its purpose under the old system of exploitation no one can deny. With it the workers raised not only the organized workers' standard of living, but those unorganized as well, reduced the hours of labor, and in many other ways benefited the toilers.

This the craft union has done in the past, and while the craft union is as strong to-day as it ever was, and its members better fighters than ever, we find our organizations ineffective. Almost every battle we go into we find that we are unable to cope with this monster capitalist organization. Surely there is something wrong with our method of organization, our weapon of defense. The trouble, as I see it, is the

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WITH THE COFFEE AND CIGARS

Written for THE MASSES.

By JOHN SPARGO

WE sat smoking our after-dinner cigars in the café at El Paso, Texas. The traveling man who sold shoes, and whom I had christened "Pumps" a few days before as we rode together from Los Angeles on the "Golden State Limited," chuckled. "I guess the defeat in Milwaukee will put you Socialists out of business," he said.

Of course, I was the person addressed, and "Pink," the automobile tire man, and "Windmill," the promoter, exchanged significant glances. "Suppose, my friend, that you were to do about eight thousand dollars' worth of business this year more than you did two years ago, what would you think if your employer accused you of going behind?" In a flash "Pumps" answered: "Say? Why, I'd say that he was off his onion, old man."

"Very well," I replied. "In 1910, when Seidel was elected, the Milwaukee Socialists cast 27,608 votes. That was in a three-cornered fight, and it is likely that at least 5,000 of those votes were just protest votes, not the votes of Socialists at all, but of people just tired of the old parties. This year the Socialists cast 30,200 votes in a straight fight, when the lines were so sharply drawn that practically none but convinced Socialists voted the ticket. Now, old man, get busy and figure out who is 'off his onion.'"

"Have a fresh cigar, old man," said "Pumps."

The Catholic priest was a decent fellow and a most agreeable companion. We were alone in the Pullman smoker, going from Medford, Oregon, to San Francisco. It was the priest who raised the subject of Socialism. "Please explain it to me," he said, and I tried my best. When I had finished, he opened fire. "That is all very well, but what of 'Free Love'? You cannot deny that Socialism preaches that, can you?" Then he began to quote from a book written by two ex-Socialists, of whom the less said the better.

The good Father thought that he had spiked my gun. His smile was really amusing—perhaps I ought to say pathetically amusing. But it did not last long. It wasn't one of the smiles which don't come off! "Father, you are a Catholic," I began. "Your church has suffered more from that same ugly charge of 'Free Love' than any other institution or movement I know of. Is it possible that you have forgotten what the 'Ex-priests,' 'Reformed Monks' and 'Escaped Nuns' have had to say about the priesthood, about convent and monastery, about the Confessional? Does not every decent-minded man know that those charges are cruel libels upon millions of honest Catholic men and women? Why is it that you, son of this much maligned and persecuted Church, now forget your own bitter experience and use against us the cowardly methods and tactics of the 'Father Slattery's' and others of the same ilk?"

"I had never considered the matter from that viewpoint," he replied frankly.

Next morning, as we parted at Oakland, the good Father said simply: "I shall never use Slattery methods against Socialism again. If I fight it at all, I shall fight fairly. Thanks for the lesson."

You cannot escape from Socialism. Across the border, in Mexico, I encountered it. I looked in vain for windows in many of the houses, for public schools, public hospitals, a sewerage system. These signs of civilization were lacking. I saw public cock-fighting pits, public bull-fighting arenas and dirty prisons. It was shocking to contemplate these conditions existing in the twentieth century. Only one gleam of hope did I observe. Outside the fine old church at Juarez, marred by bullets and cannon balls during the recent war, I saw an old Mexican, a cripple, reading a Socialist paper—*Regeneracion*—to a group of his fellows. It seemed to me prophetic. As I watched the group, I said to myself: "Here is the force which will put an end to cockpit, bull-ring and prison; the force which will some day make a Free Mexico."

SOCIALISM

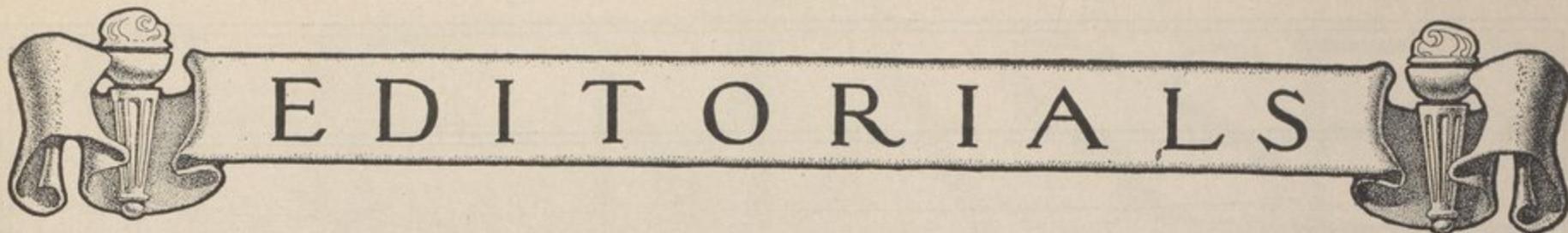
By JOHN SPARGO

Price, \$1.25 ————— THE MASSES

THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER

By BOUCK WHITE

Price, \$1.20 ————— The Masses



EDITORIALS

BY THEM, NOT FOR THEM.

THE Socialist party is essentially a working-class party, even if its scope of purpose is far larger than bread and butter for the hungry.

We also want a cleaner, juster, more orderly and beautiful world, and we want it bad. But we likewise know that the workers can be neither just, clean nor orderly unless conditions prevail which enable them to be so. Those who believe differently might as well expect to grow beautiful flowers in a dark cellar. Let those who are ready to criticise imagine themselves in the position of a dollar-and-a-half-per-day wage slave.

Would they then get up big dinners to discuss abstract and philosophical questions?

Would they then concentrate on criticising the Senate and Congress in true, smart, muck-raking style?

Would they then condemn the minimum wage movement and be contented to wait until capitalism fell of its own weight?

Would they then, with a wave of the hand and a quotation from Marx, dismiss all attempts to counteract the distressingly increasing cost of living?

Not much! They would fight like tigers for more wages, less work and cheaper commodities at once. Not to-morrow, but to-day, this self-same moment, they would want it.

And even you and I, who are perhaps three, four or five-dollar-per-day men; we too are not satisfied to wait for the cataclysm as the religious fanatic waits for his promised heaven hereafter and meanwhile allows him or herself to be exploited. We too want more and better things to-day. Our wants have increased. We have been tempted with the display of the new products of highly developed industries. Fact, now I come to think of it, I would even want an automobile. How about you? And who shall blame us, if we want things right now and on the spot?

Too many self-appointed anointed are telling the workers what to do. The workers don't have to be told. They do what they can—what the time demands. It is up to us to help them do it *well*. The better they do it, the sooner they will be ready for the next thing.

Beware of having things done for the workers. They will be *done*, thoroughly *done*—the workers, I mean.

No committees in Washington *can* or *will* run railroads, telegraphs, or mines in the interest of the workers. That is State Socialism, and is not what we want. That will come without our asking for it. They, the bourgeoisie, must inaugurate that to save *themselves*, not *us*.

If committees are to run public utilities we want those committees to be selected at least partly from the workers who made and operate the various industries. They and they only *can* or *will* run them in the interest of the working class.

OUR "TITANIC" CIVILIZATION

In grandiose lines, one of our complacent poets has sung the "Ship of State," chanting thus:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

Looking deeper than such songsters look, peering beyond the stately presence of the towering Atlantic liner, into the realities it hides, and likewise with vision piercing through the imposing form of our civilization to its inner meaning, we find grim truth in the image, not guessed by the poet.

The racial point of view is the only one which reason can tolerate for judging a civilization. From that point of view there can be but one rational purpose for the vast process of industry and exchange, that immense economic process in which we are all concerned, which underlies the civilization, and in the main is the civilization. That sole rational purpose is the wel-

fare of all the people alike in their two capacities of producers and consumers. For no other end agreeable to reason could the vast machine have been built; to no other end must its every movement be bent. Yet, what do we see in our present civilization? A civilization built and bossed by a few colossi bestriding the busy multitude and ordering the intricacies of production and distribution, not, on the one hand, to the end of the greatest volume of wholesome production, nor, on the other hand, to the end of the most general and just distribution, but solely to the end of their own profits. Such a civilization contradicts the normal end of its own existence, and flouts the reason and the conscience of the world.

With the same analytic eye let us look over and through the great ocean steamship, first considering what a rational purpose would demand in its structure and management, then what purpose is actually aimed at. Reason would expect to find in a great steamship a noble creation of human genius built and run for the one purpose of human welfare, its specific end being to transport human beings across the ocean under equal conditions of comfort, health and self-respect for all alike, passengers and crew. But what in reality is one of these "floating palaces"? It embodies gross distinctions of comfort, of air supply, and of food; hateful class lines; the humiliating fencing off of decks and spaces on behalf of the few against the many; and, more injurious still, inhuman conditions for most of the men who do the hard work: airless sleeping places, intolerably long hours, humiliations lavished on the toilers, and bodily and mental suffering inflicted upon some of them such as drives man by man to self-drowning, looking to find the cold depths of the ocean more hospitable than the treatment meted them by their fellow men.

Evidently a steamship is a true miniature of our present civilization. Evidently our commercial State is rightly called a "Ship." The two are indeed alike in irrationality.

Now, there is but a step from the irrational to the insane; and in the most highly typical of the great liners we have just had exhibited motives and actions in owners and officers which can only be called insane. The three insanities which characterize our civilization were typified in the arrangements and management of the *Titanic*, and bore their natural fruit in its criminal destruction. First, there is the insanity of speed, of record speed, which drives business life, and spreads from that to education and to social life, and which is a phase of a certain blindness with which we have been stricken, a blindness to all values except such as we can count in dollars, or in miles, or in minutes, or in percentages; then there is the insanity of luxury, of foolish display and self-pampering even to the point of wrecking the safety and health of the luxurious themselves; and, finally, there is the insanity of profits, reaching the frenzy which for profit takes enormous risks of the wrecking of the capital itself.

And so we see that like forces to those which drove the *Titanic* to her fate are driving the present commercial civilization, and we cannot help asking, Whither? To a like crash may it not be? It may indeed be so; for the Ship of Civilization is tearing through seas which are now thickening with icebergs. The will of the vast working class is forming and hardening; obstructions to capitalism are cropping up in the most unexpected places; the collective mind of the working class may crystallize overnight, massive and unrelenting. The day of the Great Refusal may come, the day when the entire mass of producers will stiffen into full self-respect and into a common will, and will decide and declare: "No longer will we, the multitude, be used by you, the few." Unless the capitalists yield up their pretension to mastership in the world of industry and supply, yield it up on a large scale and quickly, there may indeed shortly come a crash and an end to the civilization of to-day.

Nevertheless, with a prophet of old, who by another image pictured his anticipation of such a Day of Judgment, "we look for a new sky and a new earth, and justice filling all the space between that earth and sky." In modern terms, we foresee a civilization which shall be fundamentally rational and just.

KEEP STEP, OR FALL OUT

WE BELIEVE the time has come for the Socialist party to deal most rigidly with the anarchistic elements which, for lack of another shelter, are knocking at its door.

We have no room for rebellious individualists who are sore on the System because they cannot beat it.

We have no room for ambitious intellectuals of muck-raking activities.

We have no room for self-seeking politicians.

We have no room for philosophical anarchists.

We have no room for "spit-in-the-fire growlers."

The International Socialist Party is a working-men's party, called into life because of the injustice the present system heaps upon this part of humanity.

Positive working-class action we want. No negative growls. Action which will bring results to-day. To-morrow will take care of itself.

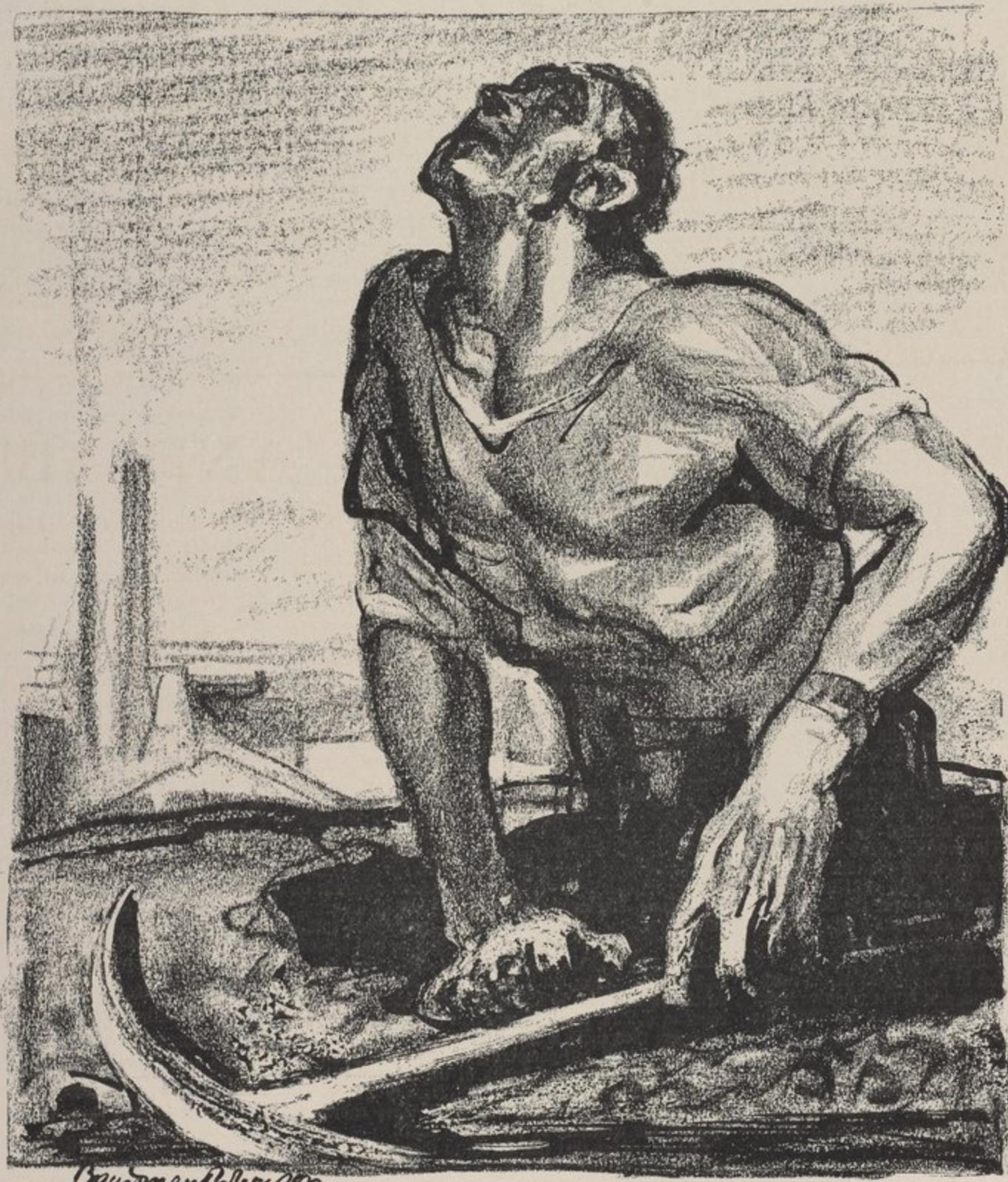
It is true, we are apt to make mistakes. Why not? We should welcome them. History has proven that the only school the working-class ever has had is that of experience.

Surely the spit-in-the-fire growlers do not make mistakes! They do not develop such weaknesses. They are the only people on God's earth who do not make mistakes. And why should they? They cannot, because they never do anything. Good reason, isn't it?

We have no room for compromisers.

We are either for or against political action. Those who are for what they call "rational" political action are in their heart of hearts deadly opposed to all constructive political action. They are a dangerous element. Privately the leaders of this sect confess they expect a split. It is evident that their professed belief in rational political action is only their tactical view. It enables them to retain their grip on the Socialist party. They are out for mischief, and we should force their hand. They should be forced to take a definite stand, either for or against political action. Their proposal to vote, but not to elect, is a farcical excuse to stay within the party to gain converts for their sabotage activities. Whether sabotage is ever or never justified does not concern us. It is not, nor ever will be, part of the tactics of the Socialist party.

Some of this crowd have confessed that the only possible excuse they could find for trying to carry elections was to gain control of the police force, reduce it, and thus promote violence. If such is their program, let them come out and say so fairly. Let them defend it in the convention and elsewhere, and let the best man win. But, by all means, let us have done with these hedging, fence-straddling tactics.



Boardman Robinson

THE MINER EMERGES

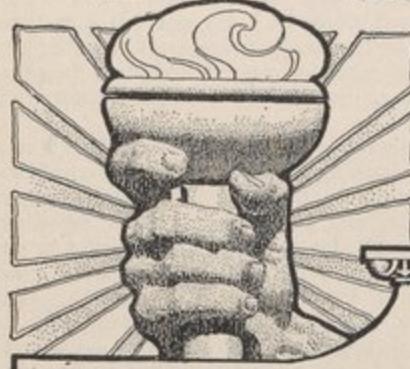


By BOARDMAN ROBINSON

OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE



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THE COAL STRIKE HERE AND ABROAD

Written for THE MASSES.



OUT of the earth the miner has risen. He has come up from the depths into the sunlight. It is a resurrection that appalls the master class. They had forgotten he was down there under their feet, working in the tunnels and caverns of the earth, doing an important and indispensable task. If they ever thought he was there they did not dream that he would come up. His place was below.

He has risen, a grimy giant, blinking in the sun and looking about him. He is a dread figure to the rulers—a specter; a cloud-reaching genii; a blinded Samson rising to his feet and placing his immense arms around the pillars of the temple. . . . Woud that he were but an evil spirit, a demon of the rocks, a hostile god! Then might he be coaxed with prayers or repelled with incantations.

The miner, if he wills, can bring down capitalistic civilization in a heap as San Francisco was brought down by an earthquake, for he is the upholder of modern industry. His energy supplies the energy which moves the world. He is the social prime mover and first cause.

He does not fully know his own power. Neither do most of his enemies and many of his friends. *He could accomplish the world's Socialist revolution in thirty days.* Wait a little; he is learning fast.

In England in a few weeks he had the country paralyzed. He forced a Socialistic law through Parliament—the minimum wage bill. He forced capitalism to yield a vital principle. A greater concrete victory was lost by the cowardice of leaders. A goodly majority voted not to accept the minimum law, since it did not define the minimum. The leaders were cowardly or corrupt; the rank and file were determined and revolutionary. This has been proved elsewhere. It is a great hope—the people's stanchness despite leaders' cheapness!

England gave a magnificent hint of the fulfilment of Marxian prophecy—the bursting of an outgrown economic shell to make room for a new system. The Socialist chrysalis surely cracked the shell of the capitalist caterpillar. Something had to burst when a million miners quit work. With a starving nation the government was between the devil of denying free men the right to quit work and the deep sea of the Socialist minimum wage. It took the deep sea plunge.

The miners did not really mean to be revolutionary. Nor did the government. Certainly not the mine owners. Events were in the saddle. The theory and practice of capitalism received a jolt in the vitals.

What happened in England in 1912 was perhaps of no less historic importance than the political victory of Socialism in Germany in the same year.

By JOHN R. McMAHON

A few items from the latest available government report—that for 1910:

Total coal production in	
United States.....	500,000,000 tons
Value at the mines.....	\$630,000,000
Retail value, several times	
as much.	
Hard coal.....	84,000,000 tons
Value at the mines.....	\$160,000,000
Soft coal.....	417,000,000 tons
Value at the mines.....	\$469,000,000
Men employed in anthracite fields.....	169,000
Men employed in bituminous fields.....	555,000
Total workers.....	724,000
Average days worked in year, anthracite.....	217
Average days worked in year, bituminous.....	220
Average production per man per year:	
Anthracite	498 tons
Bituminous	751 tons
Wages of miners, per year	\$750
Wages of helpers, per year	\$600
Cost one life to mine	140,000 tons.
Total fatalities.....	601
Workers killed, 1899-1910	6,553
Workers injured, 1899-1910	12,368
Price of coal to large consumers, \$3 to \$4 a ton.	
Price of coal to tenement dwellers, \$12 to \$20 a ton.	

At time of going to press the bituminous strike had been settled on a 5% wage increase and a two-year contract.

When the American strike began on April 1st it was estimated that the country had at the most a coal supply for one month. There is never much coal ahead, and at this time there was less than ever before. If the men stay out six weeks there will be a repetition of the English condition—wholesale closing of mills and factories, reduction of train service, tying up of steamships, a rise in the cost of food, general hardship, a national loss of several million dollars a day. A war

could hardly work greater havoc or entail greater expense. Troops may be sent to the coal fields to "protect" strikebreakers and intimidate strikers. The government may be forced to interfere in behalf of that innocent third party—the public—which is so handily brought forward in emergency.

It is perhaps unlikely that things will reach the English pass in this country at this time, chiefly because this is a Presidential election year. The statesmen will exert pressure on the coal trust to make concessions and settle the trouble.

Beyond their call for shorter hours and more pay, the strongest demands of the miners are for union recognition and short term agreements. The last, indeed, is the most radical, revolutionary demand. It shows that the United Mine Workers have traveled far from the John Mitchell-Civic Federation stand of a decade ago. No self-shackling of the workers with long contracts! A chance to fight early and often! Union recognition is of less importance. According to the I. W. W. idea, it is not at all important, nor even desirable. Why ask the enemy to recognize us?

The simultaneous strike in the anthracite and bituminous fields is a mark of progress, and would be more so if the miners insisted on a simultaneous settlement in both fields. If the soft coal men return to work while the hard coal men are out, the former will be scabbing on the latter. The only logical coal strike is in all coal fields; it follows that no workers should go back anywhere until all go back everywhere. There are a lot of arguments against this and all of them are tainted with the John Mitchell-Civic Federation philosophy. One of the feeblest of the arguments is that those miners who work can help support those on strike. How the coal barons must chortle as they hand out this theory!

It has been said the miners might practice passive sabotage by calling out engineers and pumpmen, so the mines would fill with water. This tactic has been followed to some extent in England.

The U. M. W. have declared for Socialism in national convention. Vice-President Hayes is a Socialist, and there are many Socialists in the rank and file. It is a wonderful and refreshing change from a few years back. The more Socialism spreads among the miners, and is understood and digested by them, the greater their power. Socialism is truly the Road to Power. It is knowledge which conquers all.

Coal is the material foundation of modern industry and civilization. There are no "substitutes" for this fuel, despite the fables told in public print. Oil or water power will be a long time displacing coal. If the men who dig the coal fully knew their power and exerted it in the right way at the right time civilization would either go to smash or there would be a new dispensation of society. Government ownership—the Socialist revolution itself—could be forced in a thirty day strike. These are not fancies. Merely statements of fact.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

Written for THE MASSES.

IN spite of the title, you will be unable to discover the devil in the picture which dignifies this page. But he is there, nevertheless. He is sitting invisible on one of the high peaks, and his ironic grin reflects the irony of the entire situation. He saw all of the little drama enacted, and he is chuckling now at the humorous denouement. He saw capitalist society strip the youth to the waist, take away his tools and his earnings. He saw it blindfold him and go back to ease and safety. And now the young man wakes, tears off the bandage and opens his eyes. He sees before him the deep and illimitable sea—behind him, barren, unscalable rocks. No wonder the devil, whose sense of humor is proverbial, finds it laughable.

The parable (or allegory if you will) owes its prime significance to the fact that the position of the young man in the picture is very much that of the laborer in modern life. "This," thinks the worker—thousands of him, in fact—"is my problem: I am given my choice of the deep sea or the devil. Drowning is unthinkable; I will not accept the former alternative, so I must go to the latter." And he frequently does. But not without an effect on the millions who have watched his struggles. And the flame of revolt swells and leaps like a sputtering match that grows into a forest fire. Consciously or unconsciously, we minister to the blaze till it grows too great for us, and we are swept along with it to kindle the world. It fastens on our art, on our literature; it feeds on the thought of our times. Or, rather, it is fed by it.

And Socialism, in all its multiform phases, is the very soul and center of this spirit of revolt. It is not so much a cause as it is a result. What does it matter that there are opposing tactics and dissimilar opinions? The methods of winning a battle are not all-important. The field of conflict is plain to all of us—but we plan our attack from the particular view we happen to get of it. It is where we are standing that determines our standpoint; our philosophy is born of our desires and intentions; we worship it like fervent idolaters because we have made it our image.

To put it briefly, each Socialist sees Socialism (as each man sees the world) from his own particular angle. And it is, after all, the surest sign of success, for, though Socialism has countless angles, they all come to a common point. From his angle, the Christian Socialist is infallible; from his mental corner the extreme "direct actionist" is incontestably correct; the wild truth of it is that they are all both right and wrong. But the wilder truth is that it does not matter how right or how wrong they are. As long as they are ready, as they have always proven to be in the past, to support the working class in any action they may choose to take. The working class does not plan to act. It acts only when it has to. Only upon the decree of bodily need. Therefore, they are always right, never wrong. That is, they never swim on ice or skate on water. Some of the working class may skate or swim better than others. That depends largely upon their preparatory education. To prepare the workers for action is the function of the Socialists. The thing that is perfect is not for human creatures, and Socialists are as full of human mistakes as the world is. Socialists and Socialism must grow up with men, must live their lives with them—dare not become a cold abstraction like a perfunctory religion. It is this human quality, this power to err, that will keep Socialism from decay. Its strength lies in its power to assimilate, to cast off, to grow, learn, adapt—in short, to be the living deed rather than the outworn creed of a people. It is a logical outgrowth which is beyond reason or argument. It is here, just as humanity (that eternal paradox of right and wrong) is here—it cannot be explained away by its contradictions or its dreams." It is its own reason for being.

But reasons (if reasons are wanted) for being a Socialist are easy enough to find; the hard thing to find is a reason for not being one. Let us take two extreme instances, two types who see life from naturally opposite angles. A worker, one of the nameless millions, was trudging up Fifty-ninth street towards Columbus avenue. It was late in the afternoon, and the crowds from the brilliant promenade of Fifth avenue were pouring into the Plaza Hotel. Motors, hundreds of them, emptied their occupants into this immense splendid luxury. The man stopped—fas-

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

cinated, awed. He must have stood there for some time, for when I came up to him he had the eyes of a man who had been dazed by something beyond his understanding.

"It must be a great day for 'em," he said, after I had recognized him. "It'll be a fine thing to tell the missus, and she so sick she'll need a bit of gossip and cheering up. And what is it all about, eh?"

I told him that, so far from being unusual, it was a daily sight.

"And what do they come here every day for, can you tell me that?"

I explained that it was the habit to come here each evening about dusk and take tea.

"What?" he cried. "Is that what all of it's for—taxicabs and men in velvet and the women full of jewelry! Tea! My God!" And he shambled off.

I did not tell him that it was not uncommon for hundreds to be turned away; that unless the head waiter were "seen," they were shunted off or relegated to an insignificant side room; that after they were

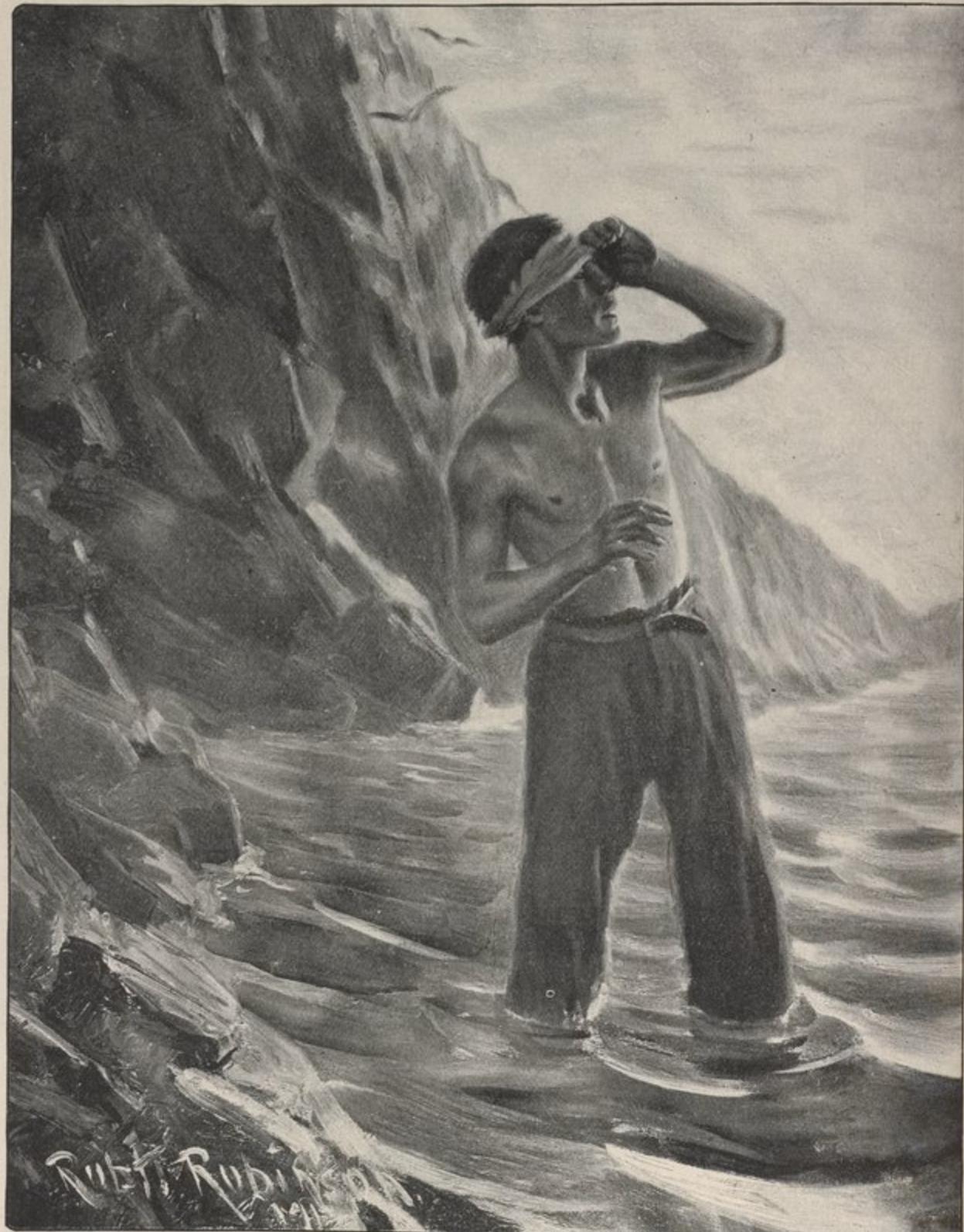
granted the inestimable privilege of a table, a pot of tea, a muffin or two and a nibble of cake could be procured for only one dollar! I did not tell him these things. He was out of work and a meek sort of man.

Can you tell me why this man should want the present conditions to continue? Why should he not want Socialism?

And yet there are the other men, types of men who from the pocket-book and bread-and-butter standpoint form an interesting contrast with this workingman, and who still are just as apt to embrace Socialism. There is for example James Oppenheim; wages or his stomach play no rôle with him in the matter. He visited the mills in Paterson at the time when 5,000 weavers, Italians, Russians and Americans, rose in protest and struck suddenly. Here is what he writes:

"It is all part of a new activity. It is the activity of the Industrial Workers of the World. The organizers put it this way: 'The Socialists must advance politically until they capture the State. Meanwhile,

(Concluded on page 19.)



Drawn for THE MASSES by Robert Robinson.

THE WORD OF THE LORD BY BOUCK WHITE

Written for THE MASSES.

IT IS I HAVE CALLED THE SOCIALISTS INTO BEING.

I HAVE seen—word of The Eternal unto this people—I have seen my name tagged to the religion of those who are at ease, those who, toiling not, live deliciously on the toil of others. But I am not with that religion.

I have seen silk hats parade the avenue, on their way to sanctuaries erected for my glorifying. But I am not with the silk hats.

I have seen motor cars—sumptuous cars—whiffing fair and soft occupants to my temple gates, gates of the house of prayer. But I am not with sumptuous motor cars.

I have seen the coachman left at the church door, and gilded ones enter through bronze portals seeking me. I entered not with them, but companied the coachman without.

I have seen the housemaid bedeck madam in lace, in jewels, in all finery, to adorn a pew in the house called by my name. The house-servant was unarrayed, to the end that madam might be overarrayed. But on that morning, my abiding place was in the heart of the maid, and far from the heart of her mistress.

I have heard prayers offered up to an audience in pews of costly wood, from a pulpit of brass, from an altar of ivory. The prayer reached those unto whom it was directed.

I, the Holy One aloft the meridian, have looked down upon mockeries held in my name by hearts hardened to flint through the covetousness of many generations. And I have become weary of it all with a great weariness.

* * * * *

THEFORE I have raised up my Socialists to body me forth to the world in my true lineaments, and to bring mockeries to a perpetual end.

For I am with the toilers at the bottom. I am not with the leisurists at the top. They who live on the backs of others have no portion in me, though they mutter multitudinous prayers, though they lift hands all the day long in prayer. That is the high message wherewith I am charging the comrade host.

Socialists are hated of the world. But they are not hated of me. They stand for revolution. Wherefore the powers and privileges of this present age abhor them.

But I give it to be known, it is I have incited them to revolution; I, the Holy Inhabiter of eternity. A world that is wrong-side up, has need to be turned upside down. To turn and overturn, is my mandate upon them.

They speak words of fire. From me came those words, I the Fire that burns at the heart of history.

Their eyes shoot forth strange lights. Lookers on, beholding the disquiet blaze, exclaim, An unearthly light! And they exclaim truly. 'Tis an unearthly light. For 'twas I kindled it, and I do beacon it forth through their eyelashes as through a window.

The speakings of this comrade folk have a curious warmth, a warmth wanting to the speeches of worldlings. Whence came it? I will tell. From me it came, I the centric Heat upon which as a thin crust your human world imposes. Into that crust I break an aperture, and up through the crater I belch a flame—passions molten and flowing.

My Socialists are busy. So that the world makes marvel at them; whence this tirelessness? What the power that propels their propaganda without weariness, without rest? What Daemon urges their feet so swiftly, so that they turn night into day, broadcasting all manner of leaflets, and their voice is everywhere heard?

I will answer you, O worldling. I am the drive, the tirelessness within them. I am the Daemon of their doings. I am the glad propulsion that propels them. The forces welling in them so plentifully gush forth from me who am the fount of forces.

* * * * *

HOW came the Socialists into being? is the query of the many. In a maze because of the folk upheaval, they essay to search out its birth and genesis.

And the answers they give are wonderful: This folk upheaval—say some—was engendered by

such and such a man, who lived and died, and whose teachings were thus and so. But—I ask you—how came those teachings to him?

Say others: This folk upheaval is because of destitution—a hungering gut is the sharp goad that drives them. But—I ask you—how comes it then that Socialism is not recruited from the bread-line? Of all the candidates for the comrade host, the destitute are the least promissory.

And a third propounds explanation: This folk-yeastiness is the work of crafty leaders befooling the simple for selfish ends.

So? Then do you, O true-hearted magnates, go straightway to those simple-minded and in turn be-guile them back to quietness. 'Twill be easy, forsooth, seeing that they are sheep hearkening to any shepherd who betongues them. And you have not overmuch time to lose.

* * * * *

ATTEND. I will give the answer.

Socialism is of my working—I the Stirrer-up, I the pledged foe of dormancy and stagnation.

Big is Socialism, and must have had a big Causer. When a stir runs through the wide world, unregarding the partitions between tribes and languages and nations, a stir that rumbles more and more and refuses to be allayed, then know with sureness that I am at work, I who stir up the stagnancy, and no one shall deaden it again; I who decree an onwardness and no one shall disannul it.

The upheaval of these your times is My handiwork. From highest heaven I beheld, and saw humanity in a way of death—a numbness creeping through the members and a torpor fingering the heart. High-spiritedness was at an end, the aptitude to die for noble causes. Custom was all, a deity and an idol whom no one dared withstand. The money-lust was purely the motor of all the doings of earth.

Then I summoned myself from the four parts of the heaven. As a storm gathers wide-lying energies into one point, so I, Lord of spirits, I gave command to my messengers, and sped them to my bidding. The sun of morning rays forth a persuasive awakening. More persuasive than the sun, I sent forth a pulse-quickening work in the sleepy haunts of earth.

The soul of the social mass has deep corridors. Through them I found a passage way for my feet. To the hidden man of the heart I whispered, I knocked at the closed doors of the heart.

No eye detected my presence in those corridors below the threshold of man's understanding. I sped, and no ear of flesh caught the sound of my goings. For I, The Eternal, proceed not as man proceeds, neither work I as man works. To man, the things of the world without. But to me is opened an approach to the inward parts, those tunnels of the social soul upon which men's interior selves abut and whence proceeds the light of all their seeing.

In and out amongst those passages and pathways within, I traversed. And I knocked at the doors as I passed.

Some denied to open—the sleepers within were past arousing. But here and there a door swung wide, a door with hinges untrusted, seeing that the tenant there was wonted to this interior ingress and exit. To them of delicate hearing my footfalls sounded as the tramp of cohorts, and they gave me wide admittance.

These I awakened. I called them forth, that they should no longer serve sleepy Custom, but should serve me.

Then I knit them together—these aroused ones. I made them into comrades of me, and therefore com-

rades one to another. I broke down all barriers between them, barriers of birth, barriers of race, barriers of speech, barriers of nation, barriers of age and sex and occupation. I welded them into a world of brotherhood.

I needed for them a name. And this was the name I hit upon: Socialist. Because they were to proclaim the sacredness of the social, fusing back into solidarity a race that had granulated into particles.

* * * * *

UPON this comrade host I put a mark, whereby all should know them. The mark was, wide-awareness.

My Socialists are scattered far. They are in the old world, and in the new. North of the equator, and south. In the islands of the sea, and broadcasted upon the five continents. In Russian steppes you shall find them, by lochs of Scotland and amid the sands of Persia. Equally they are at home in the city's roar and the contemplative countryside. In color, motley. A polyglot array. Multitudinous as the pollen of a cornfield.

In all things else they vary. But in one thing they vary not. They are wide-aware.

That is why they are mine and I am theirs. Wide-awareness is of me. 'Tis the trade-mark I stamp on all the work of my hands. By it you shall know of my presence or absence in the soul.

Peer into the eyes of the passers-by in the street. In whichsoever of them you discern a quickened spirit, know that there is a Socialist, or on his way. For I am there within, I the Adversary of all sluggishness, I who am building my heaven out of the alert and adventurous of all the earth.

* * * * *

WILL some one say, If Socialists are the work of my hands, it is a botched workmanship, for this comrade host is spotted with imperfections?

But attend. I am but at the work's beginning. Will you judge a piece of handicraft while it is yet unshapen?

I have had apprenticeship in the carpenter's craft. I know the kind of wood that is fitted to structural uses. And this host of the world's wideawakes—I can build with them. For the grain is there, a texture of solidity and soundness. Of more worth in mine eyes is a scraggy beam, sap-filled and with the bark on, than sleek and painted dryrot. Give me fibred oak, with time and a carpenter's kit I can make something.

I am consubstantial with Socialists, because it is of them I can build the future. They are my people. Great are their faults, but they have a great Deliverer. With the rod of tenderness I will shepherd them, and will make them to all mankind a benediction.

* * * * *

HEAR then the word, word of the Lord of the heavens! I am Socialism's founder and fabricator. It is there I have established my dwelling place.

Seek me among silk cushions, and you shall not find me. Seek me in drawing rooms where ennui smirks and chatters, you seek in vain. Seek me in the council chamber where grandes divide dividends which they earned not, and though you search never so narrowly, you shall search vainly.

For I am not at home in the palaces of ease. I am a worker and the lord of workers. By toil has the world been built, and by toil alone shall it be continued.

They who labor not, either with mind or with muscle—let them be cast into outer contempt. But the builders, they who toil, by brain power or by brawn power—these are of me, heart of my heart, tissue of my tissues, very God of very God.

Seek me at the social top, and you shall not find me. Seek me among the mudsill folk, and you shall find me. More than altar incense, the sweat of joyous labor is savorsome to my nostrils. Amidst the workshop's clatter and grime I am with my familiars. Factory wheels make a pleasing sound to mine ear. I like the

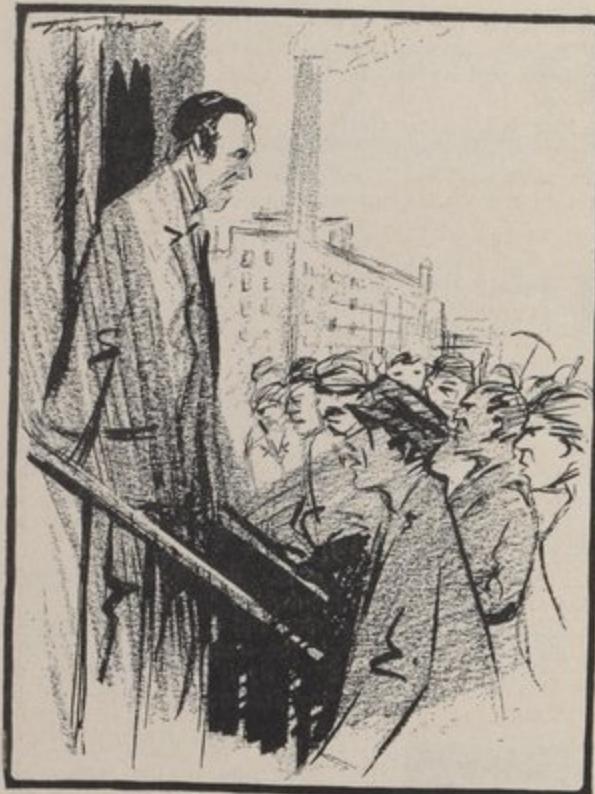
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GERMINAL

B Y EMILE ZOLA

Illustrated by H. J. Turner.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

FROM early morning confused murmuring was heard in the alleys, the sound swelling out through the entire country. The miners had been informed of the arrival of the gendarmes, who had come from Douai during the night. Toward half-past seven, when the sun had risen, they saw the officers quietly go away on the road to Marchiennes, after having contented themselves with deafening the place with the trot of their horses on the frozen earth.

Up to nine o'clock they behaved very well, peacefully keeping indoors. The wealthy people of Montson, with heads pressed on their pillows, were still asleep. At the director's they saw Madame Hennebeau set forth in her carriage, while M. Hennebeau was no doubt at the works, for the house seemed silent. No mine was militarily guarded. But nine o'clock had scarcely struck, when the coal men had started off on the Vandame road to show themselves at the meeting place, which had been decided on the evening before in the forest.

However, Etienne comprehended at once that he should not have at Jean-Bart the three thousand comrades upon whom he had counted. Many believed the manifestation postponed, and it was too late to send another command, for those who were already on the road might compromise the cause if he was not at their head. Almost a hundred who had started out before daylight must be hidden under the bushes in the forest waiting for the others. Jouvarine, whom Etienne went to consult, shrugged his shoulders; ten resolute men would do more work than a mob; and he went back to the open book before him, refusing to be one of them.

From prudence they did not all go together. Jeanlin had disappeared a long time before. Maheu and his wife went off together, while Etienne struck out across the forest, wishing to join the comrades whom he ought to find there. On the road he met a band of women, among whom he recognized old Brûlé and La Levaque. But in the forest he found no one. The men were already at Jean Bart. Then he hastened on to the mine and arrived at the moment when Levaque and about a hundred others were walking across the flagging. The miners were coming from all sides, the Maheus by the main road, the women across the fields; all arrived without chiefs, without arms, as though it was as natural to collect there as for water to run down hill. Jeanlin was seated on a bridge, as if at a play. He had run fast and was among the first to enter. There were scarcely three hundred there in all.

They hesitated when Deneulin appeared at the head of the stairs leading to the office.

"What do you want?" said he in a strong voice.

After having seen the landau disappear, in which his daughters were still smiling, he had returned to the mine filled with a vague uneasiness. But everything there was in good order, the descent had taken place, coal was being brought up and he again became easy; he was talking with the superintendent when he saw the approach of the strikers. He had quickly placed himself behind a window of the screening room, and

on seeing the crowd enlarge and fill up the flagging, he became conscious of his powerlessness. How could he defend these buildings which were open on all sides? He should scarcely be able to get twenty of his workmen around him. He was lost.

"What do you want?" he repeated, filled with rage, but making an effort to accept this disaster.

Low growls came from the crowd. Then Etienne spoke out, saying:

"Monsieur, we do not come to hurt you, but the work in the mine must be stopped at once."

To this Deneulin hotly replied: "My men are at the bottom, and before they come up you will have to kill me."

This rough speech raised a clamor. Maheu was forced to hold Levaque, who became violent, and Etienne still talked on, trying to convince Deneulin that their action was right. But the owner replied that to go on working was the only thing to do. However, he refused to discuss this "foolishness." He wished to be master of his own works. His only remorse was that he had not forty gendarmes to clean out the mob.

"It is my own fault. I merit all that happens to me. With fellows like you nothing but force will answer," he declared.

Etienne trembled, but controlled himself. He lowered his voice.

"I beg you, Monsieur, to give the order for your workmen to come up. I cannot restrain these comrades any longer. You will save yourself lots of trouble by calling up those who are still in the mine."

"Mind your own business," replied Deneulin. "I don't know you. You don't belong to my mine. What right has an agitator like you to call a strike here? You are only a robber, scouring the country to steal."

Deneulin's voice was drowned by the noise. The women especially insulted him. He continued to be obstinate, feeling a relief in thus abusing the crowd, and emptying his heart of authority. It was the ruin of everything, and he was not afraid to speak out. But their numbers were still increasing. Nearly five hundred people were already on the spot, and he was going to beat his way through them when his superintendent roughly pulled him back, saying:

"Oh, Monsieur! this will be slaughter. What use is it to kill men for nothing?"

He struggled; he protested in a last cry thrown at the mob:

"You set of thieves! We will repay you for this some day!"

Then they led him away. In the shoving of the crowd those in front were thrown violently against the staircase, of which the hand-rail was broken. It was the women who were pushing, and exciting the men. The door gave way at once. It was without lock, being simply shut with a latch. But the staircase was too narrow; the crowd could not have been able to enter for a long time if the last of the besiegers had not thought of entering by the other opening. Then they spread out over all parts, in the waiting-room, in the screening-shed and in the engine-room. In less than five minutes the entire mine was theirs; they filled every floor, while, with furious gestures and cries, they were utterly carried away with the victory over the owner who resisted them.

Maheu, becoming frightened, was one of the first to rush up to Etienne, saying:

"They must not kill him!"

The latter had already run forward, but when he found that M. Deneulin had shut himself up in the superintendent's room, he answered:

"After all, would it be our fault? Such madness!"

Nevertheless, he was filled with uneasiness; still too calm to yield himself to the rage of the others. He also suffered in his pride in seeing the crowd escaping from his authority, becoming enraged at the cold execution of the people's will, which he had not foreseen. In vain he shouted, telling them to be calm, crying that their useless destruction was wrong.

"To the boilers!" screamed old Brûlé. "Put out the fires!"

Levaque, who had found a file, shook it like a sword, ruling the tumult by a continued cry:

"Let's cut the cables! Let's cut the cables!"

Everyone soon repeated it. Only Etienne and Maheu continued to protest, overwhelmed, speaking in the uproar without obtaining silence.

At length the first was able to make himself heard.

"But the men at the bottom are workers!"

The noise increased. Voices cried from all parts:

"No matter! They had no business to go down! It will serve them right! They can stay there! And besides there are the ladders!"

At the thought of the ladders they became all the more obstinate and Etienne saw he must yield. In the fear of a greater disaster he hastily went toward the engine, wishing to at least bring up the cages, so that when the cables were cut they would not fall down the shaft on those below. The engineer had disappeared, also some other workmen employed at the top; and he was forced to take possession, running the engine as Levaque and two others were climbing up the carpenter work which supported the drums. The cages were scarcely fastened upon their bolts when they heard the squeaking noise of the file sawing the steel. There was a great silence. The sound seemed to fill the entire mine. All raised their heads, watching, listening, seized with emotion. As the sound was first heard Maheu felt a fierce joy as if the teeth of the file was delivering them from unhappiness by destroying the cable of one of those holes of misery into which they would descend no more.

But old Brûlé disappeared by the waiting room staircase, still yelling:

"We must put out the fires! To the boiler room!"

A number of women followed her. La Maheu hastened after them to prevent them from breaking up everything. Just as her husband was trying to argue with the comrades, so was she the most calm of the women. They could demand what was right, without destroying everything in other people's buildings. When she entered the boiler-room, the women had already driven away the two firemen, and Brûlé, armed with a long shovel, was squatting before one of the fires and was violently emptying it, throwing the coal out upon the bricks, where it still continued to burn with a thick, black smoke. In this manner the women went to each one of the ten fires. La Levaque worked her shovel with both hands, Moquette tucked up her clothes so as not to get on fire; they



"DOWN WITH THE TRAITORS!"

"DOWN WITH THE SCABS!"

Edited by Albert Sonnichsen.

were all blood-red from the reflection of the fire, perspiring and with disordered hair. The heap of coal grew into a high pile, while the terrible heat scorched the ceiling of the vast place.

"This is enough!" cried La Maheu. "The room is on fire."

"I'm very glad of it," replied old Brûlé. "It'll be some good work done. I said I'd make them pay dear for the death of my man."

At that moment they heard the shrill voice of Jeanlin, which came from above the boilers:

"Hold on! I'll put this one out."

One of the first to enter, he had run among the crowd, delighted with the fight, seeking what harm he could do; and the thought came to him to let off the steam. The streams ascended with the violence of flames of fire, the fire boilers were emptied as quick as lightning, hissing in such a terrible manner that their ears nearly split. Everything disappeared in that steam, the red-hot coal became white, the women were no longer more than shadows. The child appeared in the gallery alone, behind the mass of white foam. With a delighted air he contemplated his work, grinning with joy to have thus turned loose a hurricane.

This lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. Some of the less excited comrades threw buckets of water on the smoldering coals, so all fears of fire would be removed. But the rage of the crowd did not diminish. Men came down with hammers, after the cables were cut; the women had armed themselves with bars of iron, and they spoke of bursting the generators, breaking the engines and demolishing the mine.

Etienne ran around with Maheu. He began to feel himself carried away with a hot fever of revenge. But he still fought against it, conjuring them to act calmly. Now that the cables were cut, the fires out, the boilers empty, work became impossible. But they would not listen to him; they were going to look for something else to destroy.

Suddenly the mob began to shout:

"Down with the traitors! . . . Oh! the dirty cowards! Down with them! down with them."

It was the beginning of the workmen's exit from the bottom. The first, dazzled by the bright light, afraid of falling in the midst of the howling mob, remained where they were with quivering eyelashes. Then they ran off, seized with fright, trying to reach the road and fly.

"Down with the cowards! down with the false brothers!"

All the strikers had run forward. In less than two minutes not a man remained in the buildings. The five hundred from Montson ranged themselves in two lines, to force the men of Vandame to pass between them. And as each new miner appeared at the opening with his clothing wet and stained with the black mud of his work, the hooting increased. Then they saw Cheval standing before them.

"Great God! is this the meeting you called us to?"

And they tried to throw themselves on the traitor. What! only the day before he had sworn to be one of them, and now they had found him at the bottom in company with the traitors. This was how he made fun of the people.

"Bring him out! bring him out!"

Cheval, pale with fright, tried to explain himself, but Etienne interrupted him. He was now aroused by the fury of the mob.

"You wanted to be one of us, and so you shall be. Come on out, rascal."

They dragged Cheval on, forcing him to run among the others.

In a few minutes Jean-Bart was empty. Jeanlin, who had found a call-horn, was blowing on it as if he was calling the cows. The women Brûlé, La Levaque, and Moquette ran off together. Other comrades were still arriving. There were almost a thousand now, without order, without chief, running on the road like an overflowed stream. The way out was too narrow and fences were broken down. Outside in the strong air the cries seemed still louder.

At that moment Madame Hennebeau and the young ladies were exactly two kilometers from the first houses, a little below the meeting of the highway and the road to Vandame. The day at Marchiennes had passed gaily; a pleasant breakfast at the house of the director of Les Forges; then an interesting visit to the workshops and to the glass works in the vicinity to fill up the afternoon; and as they were returning at last in the clear evening light of a fine winter's day, they had taken a fancy to drink a cup of milk when passing near a little farm skirting the road. All then got out of the landau, while the peasant woman, bewildered by this gay company, rushed in saying she would spread a table-cloth before waiting on them. But Lucie and Jeanne wished to see the milking; they even went to the stable with their cups, laughing much at the litter in which they found themselves.

Madame Hennebeau, with her complacent, matronly air, was drinking with the tips of her lips, when a strange noise outside made her uneasy.

"What is that?"

The stable, built on the edge of the road, had a large door for the carts, for it served at the same time as a barn for hay.

Already the young girls, stretching out their hands, were astonished as they distinguished to the left a black wave, a howling crowd streaming from the Vandame road.

"Perhaps it's the coalmen again," said the peasant woman. "This is the second time they have passed. Things don't go well, it appears; they are the masters of the country."

Each word was carefully spoken; she watched the effect on their faces, and when she saw the terror of all, the profound anxiety into which this incident had thrown them, she hastened to add:

"Oh, the rascals! the rascals!"

The stable was old and there were such crevices between its rotten planks that from the interior everything that passed on the road could be seen. The noise grew louder. Nothing was seen yet, but on the empty road a stormy wind seemed rising like the sudden gusts that precede great tempests.

Madame Hennebeau, very pale, enraged with these people who again spoiled one of her pleasures, kept herself in the background with a look of disgust; while Lucie and Jeanne, in spite of their trembling, looked through a crack so as not to lose anything that was going on. The thundering roll drew nearer; the



"WE MUST PUT OUT THE FIRES."

ground shook, and Jeanlin was the first to appear, blowing his horn.

Then the women appeared; nearly a thousand women, with streaming hair, disheveled by the race, in rags showing the bare skin, half-naked women tired of giving birth to children only to see them die of hunger. Some held their little ones in their arms; raised them; waved them about like flags of mourning and vengeance. Others, younger, with the swollen throats of warriors, brandished sticks; while the old ones, frightful-looking, howled so loud that the cords of their scraggy necks seemed to be breaking. Then the men streamed along; two thousand furious men, errand boys, miners, repairers, a compact mass rolling on in a single serried column, crowded together in such a manner that neither the faded breeches nor the old woolen jackets could be distinguished, all being uniform in the blackness of dirt. Their eyes were burning, the openings only of their dark mouths were seen, singing the *Marseillaise*, the verses being lost in a confused roar accompanied by the clattering of their sabots on the hard ground. Over the heads of the people was carried on high an axe, as the standard of the people, and in the clear heavens the sharp blade shone out like a guillotine.

"What atrocious faces!" said Madame Hennebeau with a shudder.

Lucie and Jeanne trembled. They stepped back near Madame Hennebeau, who had become so weak that she sat down upon a trough. The thought that only a look through the cracked door would be enough for them all to be slaughtered, made her shiver. Megrel felt himself growing pale; though ordinarily courageous, he was now seized with a fright superior to his will. Cecile, still in the hay, never moved. And the others, in spite of their desire to turn away their eyes, could not do so and still kept on looking.

It was the red morn of a revolution which would carry all before it in a bloody night before the end of the century. Yes, one evening the people let loose, unbridled, would run thus on the roads and spill the blood of the citizens; they would carry their heads on poles and scatter the gold from their safes. The women would shriek; the men would have their wolf-like jaws open to bite. Yes, there would be the same rags, the same thunder of heavy shoes, the same terrible crowd of dirty skins and infected breaths, killing the old people in their savage pushing. Houses would be burned; not a wall of the cities would remain; they would return to the wild life of the woods after great feasting; when the poor in the night would beat down the women and empty the cellars of the rich. There would be nothing left—not a cent—of the great fortunes; it would be like a new land. Yes, it was these things which passed on the road like a force of nature, and they received the terrible truth in their faces.

A great cry was heard above the *Marseillaise*:
"Bread! bread! bread!"



ON THE ROAD TO VANDAME.

MATERIALISM OF THE GERMAN WORKING-CLASS

By Our EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

OF late years it has become a custom, even in the circles of bourgeois reformers, to deplore the deterioration of idealism and the increase of materialist sentiment in the modern working-class movement of Germany. The faultfinders, whose idealist sentiments are exalted, beyond a doubt, (?) have for decades shed crocodile tears over the greediness of the organized workers, whose whole striving is of a crass, material nature. They claim that the bad example set by these workers has caused idealism to perish. In the "Frankfurter Zeitung" recently, a man, who, according to his own words, is a friend of the proletarian movement, expressed in a warning voice strong condemnation of the change in the modern working-class movement. He wrote:

Formerly the Social Democratic movement deserved much praise for its spread of education in the ranks of the manual laborers. In the late years, however, the ruling spirit of the party has immured itself in an ever narrowing circle of prejudices and weaknesses; dogmatic fanaticism and trade union materialism strangle all understanding of intellectual and artistic culture, partly because of simple undervaluation of such culture, partly because of its misuse for political purposes. The more the Social Democracy changes from a party dealing with a philosophy of human society into a trade union party, the more complete is the withdrawal of the educated elements.

Two reproaches are here cast at the modern working-class movement: the Social Democracy is reproached with becoming ever more ossified and numbed through following a dogmatic fanaticism; and the trade union movement is reproached with developing gross materialism and changing the once idealist Social Democracy from a party dealing with a scientific philosophy of human society into a "trade union party," for which reason, it is said, the educated elements are turning their backs upon us more and more. These reproaches are certainly of a serious nature, and if they were true would bode ill for the future successful development of the German working-class.

It is true that the union spirit gains more and more ground in modern German Socialism, and that its influence on the philosophy and political activity of the party becomes ever stronger. As to the withdrawal of the intellectual elements from the movement, this is due to the fact that the proletariat is to-day in a position to give even the leaders theoretical and practical pointers, and therefore becomes ever more able to do without the element called intellectual. This change, which is the result of the influence of organization, is the most joyful fact of the present. But the assertion that the practical work they perform in pursuance of the Socialist spirit is a foe to culture and education is wrong. *The proletarian class struggle has become an educational struggle that no longer busies itself solely with the need of food, clothing and shelter, but also with the highest needs of humanity.* This change in the comprehension of the purpose of Socialism is explained in the change of economic and social standards.

At the time that modern Socialism appeared upon the scene in Germany the contrast between capital and labor had reached its height. By the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the improvement of working methods, capitalism had increased productivity of labor enormously. Into

the laps of favorites of fortune it threw colossal wealth, while the workers, the step-children of fate, lay in deepest misery. This crying contrast between endless wealth and endless poverty, this class difference between luxurious capitalists and starving workers, was so extreme as to be apparent to the most short-sighted. The agitation against such wrecking of human life at first found expression in revolts and uprisings, but soon it took the form of determined and lasting agitation and organization. Men appeared who summoned all their strength to the task of stirring up the proletarian masses and furthering their organization. And these attempts to awaken the workers had their results; the scattered seed took root and workingmen's organizations sprouted everywhere out of the stony ground.

No one who has considered what is necessary to sustain the productivity of labor will wonder at the fact that in the beginning the modern working-class movement laid so much stress on the immediate bettering of proletarian conditions. The workers at that time had a desire to completely satisfy their hunger for once, and for that reason their striving was centered first of all upon things materialistic. Under conditions such as theirs, mental cravings could not make a very forceful appearance. But far-seeing Socialists knew even then that the working-class movement had further aims than the solution of physical existence.

The poet, Heinrich Heine, is a speaking demonstration of the purely materialistic interpretation that many gave to the proletarian movement. Heine was a friend of the labor movement and of Socialism, but at the same time he had an uncomfortable fear of the starved-out masses, who, in their attempts to satisfy their material needs, he feared would destroy everything with their calloused hands. This grossly materialistic view appears with startling clearness in his poem, "The Wandering Rats." The poet tells us that there are two kinds of rats, the hungry ones and the satiated ones; the satiated ones stay peacefully at home, but the hungry ones wander about. And then he pictures the approach of these starved rats, with materialistic preying instincts, thinking of nothing but eating and drinking and despising all else.

But in spite of its materialistic tint, Socialism was idealistic, visionary even at that time. The poverty stricken had a confused belief in the victory of right over wrong, and a constant faith in the coming reign of justice and love. They dreamed of a future state from which poverty would be driven root and branch, where fortune would smile on everyone, and were fully convinced that the rotting capitalist society would collapse in a very short time. That was the time when Socialists, religiously inspired, turned their eyes upon a new land rising above the horizon, which corresponded to their ideals of freedom, equality, and brotherhood. That was also the time when the minds most noted for their idealism joined the proletarian movement, and placed their strength at the disposal of the proletariat.

Unfortunately, however, this idealistic kernel of Socialism harmonized but sadly with the brutal realities of life. The inspired idealists had a terrible disappointment before them: they believed it possible to defeat capitalism in one revolutionary attack: that it would be easy to hurl the giant from his fortress and to plant the red flag there.

But it happened otherwise. They had underestimated the resisting power of capitalism and overestimated the attacking power of Socialism; they had not grasped the real nature of the workers, and many of these would-be heroes withdrew from the labor movement because they lost faith in the masses and in the feasibility of achieving the Socialistic ideal. And then they deplored the materialistic sentiment that took possession of the movement!

And after that, evidently not without reason, the formerly inert masses of workers in Germany began

to show signs of motion and attempted to take their fate into their own hands. Out of their ranks came leaders who knew proletarian needs, and knew also the mettle and power of the workers. *These pioneers of the modern labor movement felt instinctively that, above all, a material betterment of the life of the workers was necessary, and that it would take long and hard work to solve that problem.* They pursued actual, practical work, thus to plow the ground for the seed of Socialism. As practical politicians, they made their national and municipal demands, and they understood how to wring concessions from the capitalist state. As practical trade unionists, they strove to change the relations between employer and employed; they obtained higher wages and better working conditions, they fought for equal rights for the worker on the industrial field. And as practical co-operators, they attempted to shield the worker as much as possible from the middle man and the capitalist market.

This was the materialism that appeared so worthless to the bourgeois idealists.

The spirit of practical immediate work that thus penetrated into Socialism in no way begot a materialist sentiment or strangled intellectual understanding and art. On the contrary, it prepared the way for a more widespread education. *The material well-being of any class is the preliminary of any profitable intellectual development.* As long as a group of humans are deep in poverty, fighting an uncertain battle for a bare existence, science and education have no interest for them. Only when men have escaped from severe poverty does an interest in science and art awaken. The fight around the fodder-trough, as this struggle was called, was necessary, to enable the workers to reach the educational struggle.

Even to-day the most important part of the workers' struggle in Germany for emancipation is centered upon their material needs, because their condition still leaves so much to be desired. But beyond those material needs, the organized proletariat is fighting for political liberty, social equality, and for the treasures that Nature and science have to offer mankind. And this struggle has not been without its results, for the intellectual, moral and artistic level of the masses has risen very noticeably under the influence of industrial organization.

This general uplift of the proletariat through trade union agitation and organization is so plainly visible that none can overlook it. All observers of the life of the workers are aware of this fact and regard it with wonder. The well-known Socialist, Professor Herkner, expresses the opinion that nothing in the world has done so much to make the workers independent, conscious beings as the modern union movement. It is a great deal that this man claims in one sentence. All that church and school, state and city have done for the worker is of little consequence when compared with the educational force of the unions.

A German Church paper has spoken thus:

For more than three decades the Social Democratic union movement has been a brilliant triumphal march. Undeniably, the union movement will outstrip all other large organizations. And so the unions are becoming the most important factor of the worker's life. Viewed from without, they are

(Concluded on page 19.)



THE EDUCATION OF “LITTLE INNOCENCE”

Written for THE MASSES.

By ALANSON HARTPENCE



Of course, Giuseppe was born very much in the way of the rest of us, and of course like the rest of us he had not the time nor inclination to object. But after it had all come about he commenced sniffing his desires in a cracked soprano to an unfeeling world.

When his father came home that night he picked him off the bed, saying, "You little devil," as he held him up for examination. "Little Innocence," his mother corrected in Italian, looking with Madonna eyes at the child. "Little devil," his father insisted, as Giuseppe fastened his fists with prehistoric readiness in his father's glossy locks.

Having been born, it was expected of Giuseppe to grow up. Luck was with him at the start, for he drank as nature intended, and thereby escaped the dirty milk cans of the tenement and so saved the State its first endeavor to help him in life.

Once cured of the drink habit, Giuseppe was let loose on the floor to acquire a shunting creep and a loud yell that made the tenement rooms a bit noisier. It was now he began to take notice of the things around him.

His father sold lemons for a living and came home at about nine o'clock at night, leaving early in the morning to make his rounds again. Giuseppe liked his father very much, for he had a pleasant little way of punching him on the chest, smiling, and saying, "Me fight you, me fight you," until Giuseppe was tumbled over by the blows. Tiring of this, his father would hoist him on his back, made strong by the bearing of many a case of lemons, where he was allowed to pound his father's head till his heart was content.

Of his mother Giuseppe had quite a different point of view. Here it was that justice was meted out quickly, surely and to the point. There was no pounding of heads there. It was quite different, quite opposite. Giuseppe had discovered this, and also the fact that his mother was a lace maker, by creeping quietly to her side and after due meditation sending her ball of thread bouncing across the room. Madonna eyes flashed into anger then.

Giuseppe had brothers and sisters. It was from them that he obtained his first notion of war. There was also a cat in the family, which soon learned to keep out of his way.

Like most Italian families, that to which Giuseppe belonged was fond of laughter. It was so until one night his father came home with a bad cold.

Giuseppe's mother wrapped his father's neck in an old sock, expecting some strange alchemy. But the cough did not go in one week or two weeks. Instead a weakness came, and Giuseppe's father went to the dispensary, where they told him he had consumption. Soon Giuseppe came to know his father as a man with stooped shoulders and a hacking cough, who grew irritated whenever Giuseppe made a noise. Giuseppe disliked his father now, for he liked to make a noise, but as he was allowed to go down to the street to play it did not matter much.

The street was a place of infinite wonders to Giuseppe. What prizes one might find in the gutter at any moment! It was not long before he had learned how to bring home bits of wood, to swear and to fight. The last he enjoyed the most, for he found that his father's pummeling had been as severe as any punishment he received in the street—there was only a difference in the spirit. When his father saw him bring the wood he smiled at him, the first in a long time, from where he sat propped up by the window.

Giuseppe's father liked best his seat by the window, for he could look across the street at the workers in the factory opposite. Giuseppe's mother worked in the factory now. All day she fed black braid to a machine, bent over with her Madonna eyes riveted on the needle.

The machine sounded like the wind in the pine trees.

One night when a red moon lit the factory walls Giuseppe's father died in his chair by the window.

The funeral was only different from others of its kind in one respect, and that was that it was attended by the booming of cannon. There happened to be a mobilization of the American fleet in the Hudson River at the time and the President was reviewing them. The tenement house shook with the cannonading until the candles flickered on the casket and disturbed the priest in his services. Giuseppe liked the booming of the guns much better than the sad faces of the mourners.

The day after his father had been taken away things seemed much brighter in the house to Giuseppe. Three men came and papered the cracks of the room and made the children stay with the neighbors while they lit funny smelling bonfires. Of course Giuseppe did not know this was the state's second attempt to aid him. His mother said to the men: "Why didn't you come before and help my husband?"

In a few days things looked quite cheerful in the apartment, for the landlord had painted and papered the place from floor to ceiling. Giuseppe's mother went back to work in the factory until the slack season came, and then she was laid off owing to the fact that she had been the last to be employed. It was quite fair.



It was not long before the wolf and the landlord came sniffing at their door. The little family was in need and there was cold and hunger for a few days, which is not pleasant to the already underfed, but which was taken as a part of life by the little community.

At last Giuseppe's uncle was appealed to. He was fat and worked in a barber shop not far away. Giuseppe always remembered him by the nice smell of bay rum that he exhaled.

He came and smiled and paid the back rent, and came again bringing a little box for Giuseppe's first venture into the business world. It was a shoe blacking outfit and Giuseppe was instructed in the art at once.

"Peppo, come here," his uncle said, giving the boy a slap on the back. "You know how to shine shoes?"

Giuseppe grinned and shook his head, but the sparkle of his black eyes showed his interest in the matter.

His uncle placed the box on the floor before him and put his foot on the little iron rest. Shortly Giuseppe was on his knees shining away for dear life. There must have been some racial instinct that came to Giuseppe's aid, for it was not long before the little son of the sunny land could shine as they all can shine. His uncle gave him three cents when he had finished and a clap on the back. It was the first time that Giuseppe had ever had a cent without immediately descending to the candy store. Perhaps this great amount of wealth required careful investment.

Things began to look brighter in Giuseppe's family now, and with the returning fall season his mother was taken on at the factory again and the Giuseppe family flourished.

One day as Giuseppe was going his round of the parks a man approached him and asked him his name. Giuseppe eyed him suspiciously. "None of your business," he said. Then the stranger asked him if he went to school. "None of your business," Giuseppe repeated. "Well, you had better come along with me," the man said, taking Giuseppe by the arm, concluding that there could be no information obtained from the boy.

Giuseppe resisted, pulling away violently and hitting the stranger a whack in the shins with his blacking box. The stranger's eyes grew round and he muttered "Damn you!" under his breath. Giuseppe retaliated with a few choice cuss words of his own collection as the man pulled him along. Seeing resistance useless, he finally gave in, thinking himself under arrest and saying, "Oh, mister, what's de mat?" The stranger would give him no satisfaction, however, and the boy began to feel downcast. It was not long before they entered a building and went up in the elevator. Giuseppe was put into a room full of boys with the information that when he was ready to tell his name he might go home.

This consideration did not worry him, as he was interested in the other boys, and it was not until the room commenced to thin out that he thought of the matter. Finally there was no one left to divert his thoughts. He perched himself on a bench in front of a window that faced the street. It was late afternoon now and the street below had grown silent. Across the way the windows of the office building reflected the rays of the setting sun. It seemed so melancholy that Giuseppe thought for a moment of his troubles and then of his mother.

She was home in the kitchen now, cooking supper. He could see the room just as it was, with the blessed Saint Mary's picture over the bureau. Giuseppe was weeping when the stranger came in and again asked him his name, which the boy now told him, with his address, which had been carefully drilled into him in case of his being lost.

So Giuseppe was allowed to go, which he did very quickly, only stopping to spit in the hall of the institution when once he saw the freedom of the streets before him.

Two days later there was a raid on the Giuseppe household. The state was making its third attempt to help the family of Giuseppe. At nine o'clock in the morning the truant officer came. Giuseppe's mother was away at work, and when a knock came at the door, acting from instructions, each little Giuseppe was still as a mouse, eyeing one the other with round black eyes. The officer tried to gain information at the flat next door. The door was slammed in his face. He came back at noon and the scene was repeated. When Giuseppe's mother came home at six o'clock the officer happened in again. There was a commotion, and hard things were said in Italian. But it all ended a few days later by the children being marched off to school to be educated.

Giuseppe's teacher was a blonde with a turned up nose. Giuseppe had his national distrust of blondes. Still there was that about her called "class" that Giuseppe had already learned to fear. So he fell in line and took to his R's with the ease of a versatile nation. The state, through the blonde, allowed him the privilege of bringing his blacking box to school with him, so he could be off to work as soon as released. There were two forces now forming him, education and business.

The shiny nickel, the small but valuable dime, the wealthy quarter were more and more a force in his life. He saw the world pass by as so many coin collectors. When he shined the shoes of a stranger it was always of money they talked, and many would ask him



if some day he expected to be rich. Nickels, dimes, quarters, these were the quintessence of wisdom, these were the measure of one's soul. As the months and years went by Giuseppe was educated in the accumulation of wealth in more ways than one. His school education was an easy task in comparison. No one ever spoke to him of kindness or sympathy.

Street fights, more curse words, and a growing hatred of the restraint of school brought him to his fourteenth year. He now felt himself grown up and resolved to quit the process of education. The teacher noticing his unruliness gave him a talking to.

"What do you expect to do in life?" she finally asked.

"Buy a shine stand and make a lot of money," Giuseppe answered.

"But you can't make much money at that," his teacher argued. "If you stay in school you can get a better position when you get out."

"What can I do?" asked Giuseppe doubtfully.

The teacher was puzzled. "Stenography," she ventured.

"How much I make?" Giuseppe asked.

"Maybe twenty dollars a week."

It seemed incredible to Giuseppe.

That afternoon he told one of his customers that he was going to study stenography and make a lot of money and have swell clothes like the customer himself.

"Go to it, kiddo," remarked the customer.

And so it appeared that stenography was the only thing that the state could offer for Giuseppe's practical education, and this in itself was impractical. Had there been some system that would have made him an honest bootblack things would have been better.

In the street Giuseppe had already picked up a knowledge of women. Such a knowledge of woman, and such

a knowledge of a beautiful fact as was given him was enough to destroy his boyish heart as it has done in the case of most of us. He was quickly educated to the slur and whispered smut of the streets. All the truth that should have flooded in on his life gave way to this hideous distortion. He tried to adjust this view of women to his own mother. And in the end came to regard women in two classes—those that were prey and those that were not. Smut, jibe, coarseness were soon coated over his heart in a crusted layer. Somewhere down beneath lay the pure water of truth. There was a doubt if it could ever cast off the impurities above.

Stenography was a failure. Italian English does not lend itself readily to that science. Then Giuseppe forsook the shine box, took to long trousers and got a job in a quick lunch room. Now he learned what it meant to be well dressed. He discovered that half the well dressed people in New York had on an average a dollar apiece in their pockets. Giuseppe possessing the dollar resolved to mount in the social scale by possessing the clothes.

It was not long before he had gained the reputation of being a swell dresser. It served him well in his home district, for it attracted the attention of a local politician.

The politician was the best natured man in the world. Seeing in Giuseppe a useful man in the district, he instructed him in the elements of ward politics. Giuseppe, who was now about twenty years of age, became a pool room sport and a rough neck. His natural aggressiveness served him well. He learned to regard the police as so many lamp posts and believed he had not been marked by the district detectives. Ten dollar bills came his way more often, and before he had cast his first vote he knew the game of crooked politics.

A week before election he was twenty-one years old. The boss kept him at work early and late that week. He had quit his job at the lunch room in the prospects of future. Roman candles, colored lights, bands and wads of bills flashing behind one's back entered the election campaign. All through election day Giuseppe hung about with one of the boss's lieutenants. It had not taken him long to scratch the cross beneath the familiar emblem.

It happened there lived in the district a quiet little man who looked much like the mad hatter in "Alice in Wonderland." The boss's lieutenant knew that he had gone off to the country for the day without bothering to cast his vote for the opposition. At ten minutes of six the lieutenant sent Giuseppe in to vote in the man's name. His vote was challenged by a member of the election board, but fearing to retract Giuseppe voted under protest. As he came out of the booth he noticed a man pointing him out to an officer. The door of the place stood open, and Giuseppe after turning and cursing the man, bolted for it, but they caught him before he had gone a block.

Three weeks later his case came up in the General Sessions. His political friends made a weak attempt at defense, but the machinery of the law snapped him up quickly. For the first time the state was effective in his education. There was a whirl of lawyers, detectives, judges and court rooms. Then he was told he might say goodbye to his family. As his mother kissed him goodbye she patted his cheek, saying, "Little Innocence," the pet name she had always called him.

"Another bad Dago going up," remarked the police officer to a companion as Giuseppe entered the patrol wagon.

Of course he was a criminal.



ASIATIC IMMIGRATION HOW ABOUT IT?

By JOSHUA WANHOPE



Written for THE MASSES.

AMONG the category of questions with which the Socialist movement of this country is confronted, and upon which the last word has by no means been spoken, or any general settled conclusion arrived at, is the question of immigration—a question of much greater import to the United States than to any European country.

One most important phase of this question was presented at length at the last national convention of the party, and so close was the vote upon the two different positions taken that the convention wisely decided to again take the matter up, appointing a committee composed of members holding both views to investigate and report at the convention of May, 1912.

It is perhaps needless to say that as regards the question of the admission of European peoples generally there was no difference of opinion, the convention being practically unanimous in regarding them as perfectly assimilable and readily available for enlistment in the army of militant labor in the struggle against capitalist class rule.

The difference of opinion developed with regard exclusively to the admission of Asiatic labor—Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Malays and the peoples generally of Eastern Asia. The majority report stood against the admission of these peoples, while the minority report, though it could not be said to directly oppose, in the sense of declaring bluntly for the admission of Asiatics, took the "as you were" position, merely asserting in general terms the solidarity of labor regardless of race or nationality. A substitute for both reports, which on the whole resembled the minority report so closely as to be practically indistinguishable from it, was finally adopted by a vote of 55 to 50.

The main argument upon which the majority report was based was to the effect that the peoples whose exclusion was demanded were so far behind the peoples of Europe in the plane of evolution that they were not readily assimilable. That coming from lands where the modern wage system was not as yet the predominant form of production, their mental conceptions, their psychology, their views of life in general, were colored by their native environment. In short, that there were several stages of economic development separating them from the peoples of Europe, the conclusion drawn being that they would most likely serve

the ruling classes of this country as solid, unassimilable, racial wedges for the purpose of splitting the modern labor movement, and could and would be used in this manner by the ruling class. Also, that their presence would aggravate the race problem—the negro problem—now a vexatious and irritating obstacle with us, and in general retard the march of militant labor toward Socialism.

In presenting the report this phase of the question was discussed at length by those who advocated the position taken by the majority of the committee. There was, however, very little discussion of this point by the opposition. The majority who spoke against the report confined themselves mainly to reiterated assertions that such exclusion was opposed to conceptions of international Socialism and the solidarity and fraternity of the working class; that when Marx and Engels called upon the workers of the world to unite they had not only no conception of the workers of one country excluding those of others from their borders, but distinctly opposed such a proposition. That in short the proposal was unsocialistic, unscientific and out of harmony with the teachings of international Socialism.

There was also a well defined fear that a proposal for the exclusion of Asiatic races might pave the way, if adopted, for the exclusion of others—the Hebrew comrades, practically all of whom opposed the majority report, voicing this general and perhaps natural fear.

The majority report found most of its supporters among the delegates from the Pacific coast States, the greater part of whom stood unequivocally for exclusion. There were some who opposed it, however, and from them came the argument that the Japanese, for instance, were stubborn and solid fighters against the capitalists, and on many occasions by their solidarity had forced higher wages from the employers than white people were getting for the same work. It was not, however, shown that they ever made common cause with the white laborers as against the employing classes, or showed any inclination to do so, the solidarity they displayed being completely racial.

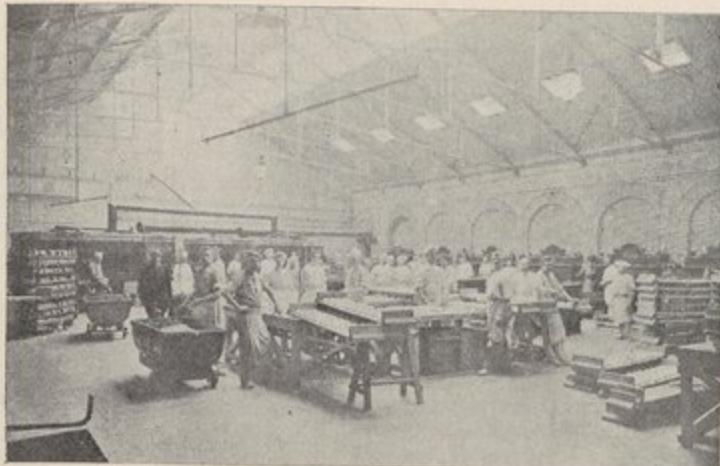
Possibly on the whole it was as well that the convention decided as it did. There is no doubt but that the content of the majority report was unexpected by the greater part of the delegates present, and they were not prepared to discuss the principal point which

it presented. It is to be hoped, however, that the coming convention will thrash the matter out on the basis of the presentation given, which in all probability will appear again in substantially the same form at the coming convention.

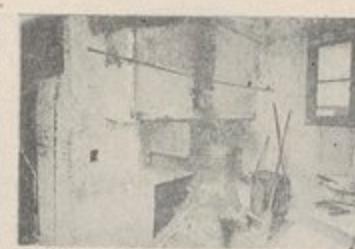
The framers of the majority report were to some extent disappointed by the evasion of the point presented by them for discussion, but perhaps on the whole what they desired could not be reasonably expected in view of the unpreparedness of the delegates.

Perhaps the suggestion is appropriate here that such questions cannot be settled by mere assertions of their "unsocialistic" character, or citations of declamatory phrases by Marx or Engels or other Socialist thinkers. The question under discussion is peculiarly an American question, and while the opinions of European thinkers are of course worthy of consideration—if those opinions really tell against the proposition, which is doubtful, to say the least—in the last analysis they are not decisive. The phase of the immigration question presented by the majority report is not an international but rather a national one, and must be finally settled by American Socialists and with particular reference to American conditions. With the possible exception of Australia there is no other considerable country on earth in which the question presents itself in this particular aspect, and we may remark that in Australia militant labor is unalterably opposed to the influx of Asiatic immigration.

If it can be shown conclusively that these races are tolerably easy of assimilation with the labor and Socialist movement; if it can be reasonably demonstrated that it is not possible for the exploiting class to so utilize them against American labor as to partially transform the class struggle into a race struggle; if, in short, any reasonable proof can be brought forward showing that the premises of the majority report as regards the psychological and economic plane of these races are unfounded and the conclusions drawn therefrom to be a non sequitur, then naturally the report will be rejected and in such rejection the framers will concur. But this aspect of the question, on which the members who emphasize it have expended so much labor and thought, must be directly dealt with and considered fully in every phase, which it certainly was not at the time of its initial presentation.



KNEADING THE DOUGH IN THE NEW BAKERY.



PAULUS POTTERSTRAAT BAKERY.



BAKING THE BREAD IN THE NEW BAKERY.

VOLHARDING THE HAGUE HOLLAND

BY PIET VLAG

First agitation meeting, Ambachtsgebouw	1879
Opened first bakery (Paulus Potterstraat)	July 6, 1880
Opened large bakery with \$10,000 borrowed capital	1882
Started unemployed sustaining fund ..	1883
First substantial success, latter part of 1884 (Profit for that period was \$2,763. Consumption, \$18,142.)	1884
Purchased meeting hall, "Walhalla," for educational purposes	1887
Started a coal depot	1890
Started sick and death benefit fund ..	1891
Opened polyclinics all over town	1894
Started a chain of grocery stores	1896
Did a total business of \$257,673 in ..	1900
Declared a 20% profit on bread and 5% on groceries	1900
At present the Volharding supplies one-third of the population of The Hague with bread, groceries, shoes, fuel, etc. But the strongest point is the sick and death benefit fund, with its large staff of capable doctors and up-to-date polyclinics	1912

in a continual turmoil and fist fights at meetings were not exceptional.

The Volharding did not then as now have for its motto: "In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity." It took thirty years of good hard persistent scrapping to lead to that motto.

During the 80's there was a strong anarchistic element in the Socialist party in Holland. A number of these anarchistic or so-called "Free" Socialists were members of the Volharding, and in 1885 they succeeded in getting into control, notwithstanding the combined opposition of the real Socialists, of those who politically were anti-Socialist, and of the broader element which objected to any political control because it turned a mass movement into a wing of a political party.

Shortly after that the reactionaries left the Volharding and organized a separate co-operative called "The Hope." The first clause in their constitution said that neither Socialist nor Anarchist should be admitted into the organization. By the way, these re-

actionaries called themselves "neutrals."

But still our scrappy Dutch comrades had not finished. In 1887 a general scrap started against the anarchistic element within the organization. I wonder whether they realized that they were fighting the very element which formerly had used them as a cat's paw in fighting the "neutrals." If ever a group of people reaped what they had sowed, the anarchistic element then in the Volharding did. To the personal knowledge of the writer, the anarchists were chiefly responsible for the prevailing intolerant spirit. They, and many *agents provocateurs* who mingled among them, originated the cry "Down with him!" which was lustily applied as soon as any one in this big mass movement had the temerity to stand on his toes, raise his voice, and lift his head above the level. I say I have personal knowledge of the activity of this group, because I was one of them, although not a member of the Volharding.

During the early nineties the Volharding cleared itself of the anarchistic element. Or, rather, the Anarchists left the Volharding. They abandoned it because it failed to materialize the numerous Utopian expectations they had formed of what a successful co-operative should be. The principal reason why those elements had remained so long in the Volharding as they did, may be found in the fact that it offered an excellent shelter for their persecuted comrades. But soon the Government ceased to persecute, and, furthermore, the persecuted agitators ceased to agitate when they felt themselves comfortably under the shelter of the Volharding.

To-day the Volharding is getting more and more under the control of the housewives, who made it live in spite of all; who are acting from the pressure of their bodily needs, and who, like the European labor unions, are moving further and further away from their would-be leaders.

The housewives are eventually going to run the Volharding. Nobody can run it well enough for them, not even their own husbands. It is the housewives' union. They are going to do with their husbands what the rank and file of the European unions have done with their leaders. Not fight them, but ignore them. The housewives will simply go ahead and do things, and leave their husbands a-scraping until they find they have lost their observing audience. And after they have thus been ousted, they probably will speak of it as "a grossly materialistic movement."

The special lesson to be learned from the struggles and success of the Volharding is that no working-class movement can live permanently and carry on a successful work unless it is driven by two diverse forces acting toward the same end. The mass must be

(Concluded on page 14.)



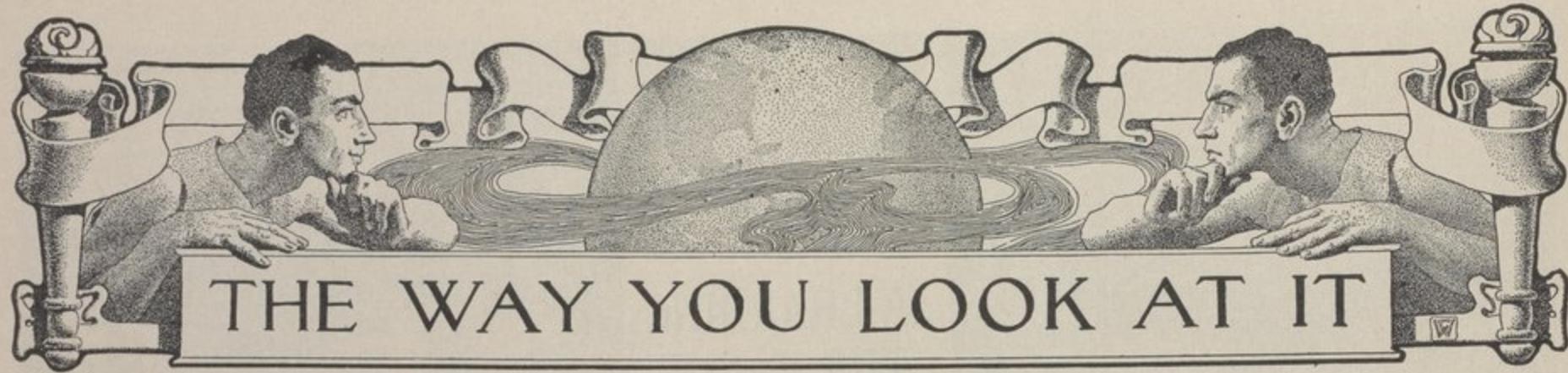
INTERIOR OF A CO-OPERATIVE DRUG STORE.



THE NEW BREAD FACTORY.



INTERIOR OF A CO-OPERATIVE GROCERY STORE.



THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE AGITATORS

LAST and most persistent of the three Anti-Socialist Agitators is Old Man Dread.

This untiring propagandist is so ubiquitous that he spends a little of each day with every working man and woman on earth. He sits down at the table with some and with others he perches leering at the foot of the bed. He breaks into the conversations of lovers and interrupts the prayers of fathers. There is no sanctuary too strong to keep him out. There is no moment so sacred that he will respect it.

And this is what he says as he snuggles up close to you, and lays his chin over your shoulder:



"Here I am. You all know me. I'm Old Man Dread. Yes, I know you've got a job to-day, but how about to-morrow, eh? Or how about next week, or next month? This streak of prosperity can't last. There's bound to be a panic pretty soon and what then?"

"And suppose there isn't a panic? What'll you do if you get a boss to-morrow that doesn't like your looks? Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"Suppose your hand gets caught in the machine to-morrow—what then?"

"Anyhow, suppose none of this does happen, what about that girl of yours? She wants pretty things and you can't afford to get them for her? Ever think of that?"

"And that boy of yours? He's at an age when he ought to be at school taking his fun on the football field. Instead he's spending his nights with a cheap gang at the corner. How about it, anyhow? Doesn't it make you shiver to think of the sort of man he may turn into?"

"Now I'm Old Man Dread. I keep you interested—don't I? No matter what you're doing you're always willing to hear me talk. All right, then. Don't vote the Socialist ticket because if those Socialists get in I'll lose my job."

Old Man Dread is one of the most persistent workers in the field.

But I'm afraid that some time pretty soon his living is going to be taken clean away from him.

OVER THE RIVER

AN endless procession of men was crossing a swift river full of shifting, treacherous bars and currents. On the farther side stood a little group, who had successfully crossed, watching a less happy comrade being swept away into the swirling mid-stream.

"Let him drown," growled the first. "I got across all right, every man's got an equal chance."

"But we all had life-preservers," said the second. "Let us take up a subscription and buy him a life-preserver."



"No," said the third, "that would destroy his manly feeling of independence. "We will engage a swimming teacher to teach him to swim."

Whereupon they passed around the hat and were making great progress when the fourth remarked: "But the man is drowned already; let us use this money to build a bridge so that everyone may cross in safety."

"Oh," said the other three, falling upon him with their fists, "you're immoral and you're trying to destroy the family." And they gave him the sound beating which he deserved.

MODERN METHODS

THE Marconi operators refused news of the "Titanic" on the ground that they wanted to sell the story for a sum of four figures.—*Daily Paper.*

Dr. Alexander Perkins, engaged by the state to make an examination of the unknown woman who is thought to have been poisoned, refuses to divulge to anyone the result of his analysis. He says he is holding out for a thousand, five hundred dollars. Interest in the case has run so high that he says he's not going to tell until he's properly paid for it.

A complaint has been lodged against George Smashberry, the well-known policeman at the corner of Main Street and Fourth Avenue, because he refused to tell the direction taken by a pair of hold-up men who had just robbed Nathan W. Tucket. Smashberry says that he offered to sell the information to Mr. Tucket for a reasonable sum, but the offer was refused.

UNCLE RIM AND THE ENEMY

"They tell me," said Uncle Rim Highsnooter, "that Socialism is going to put an end to invention because under Socialism there won't be any incentive for inventors like there is to-day. I wish old Hi Dicky could hear that. Hi worked out a scheme for cooling hot-boxes and the railroad company after turning it down went ahead and used it. Hi mortgaged his home and sued 'em and they fought the case for sixteen years and they'd probably be fighting it yet if Hi hadn't called the whole thing off by dying one night in the County Poorhouse."

THE VOLHARDING

(Continued from page 13.)

actuated by economic pressure. And yet it is equally true that the movement will not be permanent, will not expand unless a part of the members are animated by the Socialist faith, unless they have their eyes on the future and realize that what they are doing now is preparing the way for the revolution that is to be. These two forces, seemingly diverse, are really not inconsistent and must blend in one if the movement is to have vitality.

THE WORD OF THE LORD

By BOUCK WHITE

(Continued from page 7.)

feel of hands that have known the feel of tools.

There is a dirt which is not dirty, and there is a cleanliness which is not cleanly. Dirt! There is no dirt in worthy toil. To me the producer class is clean, with a deep and pleasant cleanliness. They who eat the bread of self-respect are glistening white to mine eye, though an acre of black loam bemires them and the carbon from a hundred chimneys.

But smeared indeed is the idler, living on another's toil. An endowed trifler, no lie can cut the dirt that grimes him. For he drinks the drink of another's sweat; his blood is sucked from the veins of a brother; feasting at table, the flesh he carves is cannibal flesh. Man-eaters are not cleanly to my beholding, though they bathe many times and wear washed linen.

* * * * *

I, the Ancient of days, have spoken, and shall speak.

MAKING 'EM SQUIRM

SMITHERS," said the great newspaper proprietor as he called into his office the leading editorial writer of the world's greatest independent news sheet. "Smithers, there's a general complaint that we aren't aggressive enough in our policy. We're losing subscribers because we're not hitting out hard enough. Now that's got to be changed, but, of course, we can't offend anybody. Understand me?"

"Yes, sire," said the faithful Smithers and that night the following trenchant opinions were double-leaded:



THE HOUSE FLY MUST GO.

The house fly must go. We have endured the filth and disease of this pest long enough. The house fly must go.

He must be exterminated.

We stand fearlessly and now and forever against the house fly. All good citizens will approve our stand in this matter.

The house fly must go.

A BLACK OUTRAGE.

No sympathy can be felt for the criminal assassins who attacked and killed Julius Caesar. Although this event happened two thousand years ago, the very mention of it is enough to set an honest man quivering with indignation.

What sort of a man was this Brutus who killed Caesar while posing as his friend?

The whole affair is revolting.

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP.

Summer is here. Are we to have a sweltering summer or a summer of mildly tempered days suited to all?

Any citizen of this country who pretends to call himself a man will approve of our stand in favor of pleasantly temperate weather.

As for those who demand sweltering nights and red hot days it is enough to say that they are fit candidates for the state penitentiary.

Our policy will remain unchanged.

We demand GOOD WEATHER—now and always.

ADVENTURES OF GEORGE W. BOOB

II.

IT happened that while he was wandering about in a hilly country that he saw a great many men booing and hissing.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"There's a strike on and those are the strikers."



"What are they doing?"

"They're calling attention to the fellows who want to take their jobs."

"What, they won't let a man work when he pleases? What's this here country coming to? Huh? What's it coming to? Why, if a man ain't got the right to work when he pleases we'd all better start now and git over and live in Russia," said George W. Boob.

THE OTHER WAY BY INEZ— HAYNES GILLMORE

Illustrated by Alexander Popini.

SHE will go the way her Aunt Lucy went." The words that she had overheard on the links rang in her ears all through the long hot walk home. She put her golf bag down in the hall and went quietly up into her room. The two flights of stairs made her pant and she lay down on the bed for a while. They tired her each day, more and more, she thought, dully. After a while she got up and reached for the daguerreotype of her aunt that lay on her bureau. She snapped it open and sat staring somberly at the beautiful, wistful face.

Aunt Lucy had died over thirty years before in what was called in her day "galloping" consumption. She was twenty-four. She had been, everybody said, a happy, normal girl until the summer before her death, which she had spent away from her family. From this visit she returned no longer a girl, but a woman, and a strange one, apathetic, silent, sad. By spring she was in her grave.

Lucy Adelaide had always cherished a romantic affection for her aunt, because she was named for her and because, in consequence, some of her pretty, personal effects had come into her possession. That another inheritance—a hideous, protracted death—might also be hers, had never occurred to her. Lucy Adelaide knew that she was not well, that her existence had become a dreary perplexity, but she shrank from the thought. No, she did not want to die. She wanted most passionately to live. Perhaps, some time, things would be different. She and John Shepley might meet again, and then—

She jumped up out of her seat, dispersing her meditations with an abruptness that was almost painful. With the portrait still in her hand she examined herself in the glass, her eyes roving questingly from the pictured face to the mirrored one.

She was as far removed as possible from the modern type. Her shirt waist and trim, short skirt seemed anachronistic. By right, a poke bonnet with bunches of wistaria hanging under the brim, should have framed her face. Her frail, tall figure should have been swathed in one of the many-ruffled gowns of antebellum days. Her sloping shoulders seemed to demand a shawl. All these things were in the daguerreotype, and, like it, her hair was a satiny brown, her drooping star-like eyes were a soft blue. A blush that looked evanescent bloomed too deeply pink in her transparent cheeks. The lines of her body were the tenderest of curves, her look innocent, a little startled, if you spoke quickly.

Lucy Adelaide's eyes raked her reflected self mercilessly, the hand that held the daguerreotype falling ultimately to her side. There was a suggestion of a hollow in her pink cheeks. A third, more noticeable, lay at the base of her neck. There were others be-

ginning to scoop into the black shadows under her eyes. It seemed to her that her body had dwindled and sunk, as if the skeleton imprisoned in the delicate flesh were making a grisly march outward.

"She will go the way her Aunt Lucy went." It kept ringing in her ears.

"I am dying of unrequited love," she addressed herself in a metallic voice, "just as the women of Aunt Lucy's day died. I don't belong in these days, at all. I belong back fifty years with those women I've always made fun of—the women to whom love was everything. I'm dying because the man I'm in love with doesn't want me."

She laughed. It sounded as if it came from lips of bone, rather than lips of flesh. It revealed a strange look about her lips, a new tightening of the muscles there, that the thinness of her face had made possible. She had never noticed it before. It frightened her. She retreated terror-stricken from the bureau, her eyes fixed immovably upon the sinister stranger in the glass, who was peering out of her eyes and smiling with her lips. She felt that she was staring into the very eyes of death. She struck against the bed and fell on it with a moan.

"I will not die! I will not die!" she whispered, beating, in her fear, with her clenched fists upon the pillow.

That winter she took a course at Radcliffe College. She went promptly and regularly to her classes, she did promptly and regularly the work prescribed by them. She exercised languidly in the gymnasium. In addition, she pored with feverish energy over all the books pertaining to heredity that she was able to procure.

But two things that she had planned she did not do. One was to lose herself in the college life. It was a selfish little world, a perfect miniature of the selfish big world, peopled by immature creatures who, having no experience, were constantly striving to acquire the air of experience. Lucy Adelaide lived a solitary life there, a mental Gulliver among Lilliputians.

And she could not forget John Shepley. Every dreary night she went in treadmill iteration through the meagre records of her friendship with him. Why had he looked so much and said so little? Why had he often been first moody and silent, then excited and gay? Why, at the end, had he gone away abruptly, without even bidding her good-bye? She asked herself those questions a thousand futile times, and it seemed to her that her ingenuity answered them in as many futile ways. Anniversaries of various charming little events kept coming to add their poignant point to her meditations.

By midwinter she had lost ground. In the spring she was definitely playing a losing game. She would spend the summer in Campion, she decided—it might be her last summer, and she might possibly see him there. In the fall, if she were no better, she would go south. Sometimes, nowadays, she did not mind what came out of it all.

One morning in the late spring, she started out for one of her listless, lagging walks. Apathetically she turned into the beaten path.

As she approached the yellow house on the corner, she saw a woman open the gate and stand as if waiting. She wore a plain dark woolen gown that blew, a crisp white apron that rattled in the breeze.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she said in an embarrassed way, as Lucy came up, "there's a sick gentleman in the house who wants to see you. He's watched you go by here ever so many times, and he's got into his head that he wants to talk to you. He's bothered me so much about it that I made up my mind I'd ask you if you'd be willing to come in and try to quiet him. I hope you won't be offended."

"No," Lucy Adelaide said quietly, "I'll be very glad to do anything I can for him if he'll feel better for it."

"Well, you see, sometimes," the woman lowered her voice mysteriously, "in fact, most of the time, he isn't quite right in his mind—but he's perfectly harmless. He just wanders a little, that's all. That won't frighten you, will it?"

"Oh, no!"

"He was crossed in love, poor soul," the woman

Written for THE MASSES.



"YOU MIGHT BE OUR LITTLE DAUGHTER."

added in compassionate, motherly accents. "It was when he was a young man. He's never been the same since. He seems better to-day, that's why I thought I'd ask you in. He's got a queer idea in his head—" She hesitated. "You're sure you don't mind?"

"Oh, no; I don't mind at all. I'd like to see him."

She followed the woman into a wide, rectangular hall and upstairs into a large chamber which overlooked the yard. It was furnished with heavy, old-fashioned things, lumbering mahogany, for the most part. An old man lay on the bed in the far corner.

In spite of her inexperience Lucy realized that he must once have been magnificent. He was still striking-looking. His skin was drawn tight over an enormous frame and he had a strangely shaped powerful head. The hair that streamed in masses against the pillow and about his long, yellow face was jet-black. His nose was hooked, his waxy lips parted over firm white teeth. Gray, with huge pupils, his eyes were set in caverns of deep shadow, arched by heavy brows.

Lucy stood in the doorway, held by the glance he threw upon her. Suddenly he smiled, and his smile made him beautiful. She was as little afraid, now, as if in the presence of her own mother.

"Ah," he said softly, "you don't disappoint me!"

Lucy Adelaide pushed a chair up to the bed.

"Will you take your hat off?" he asked gently. She silently drew out the pins.

"It is wonderful!" he murmured. His look seemed thirstily to be drinking her in. "The same soft hair—not a curl anywhere—and the line of the forehead and temples, the very same!"

Lucy Adelaide listened breathlessly.

"You might be our little daughter!" The voice seemed, as he went on, to grow old and weak. "I have thought of that so many times, as I have seen you pass—how long is it that I have watched for you, tell me!"

"Seven months!"

"You speak with her voice! It is her voice! I'm not dreaming, am I?" He appealed childishly to her.

"No, this is not a dream."

"Often I do dream, and I see her just as I see you now. Only she wears a soft white gown, with roses in her hair." His voice sank to a thread. "Roses—roses—I can smell them now! And the shine of her hair in the candle-light! Will you come a little closer?"

She moved onto the bed, sitting where he could most easily look into her face.

"So like, so like!" he murmured. For a long time his eyes clung to hers; a rapt look misted them. "Oh, my little Stella!" Suddenly his voice rose. "You are Stella!" Tell me you are Stella!"



THE HAND HOLDING THE DAGUERREOTYPE FELL TO HER SIDE.

Lucy Adelaide smiled down into his eyes. He held out his long gaunt hand and she slipped hers into it.

"Do you remember, Stella, that April day in the woods," he babbled, "the mayflowers through the snow—and then June—the roses in the garden—the moonlight on the sun-dial—I measure time for fools," it said—I told you my secret among the roses, the secret my father told me. I should be like Swift, he said, and die at the top first—it cost me my happiness to tell you that—but you understood—we said we should be like Swift and Stella—do you remember I called you Stella because your eyes were like stars? And we read their letters—in the rose garden. The letters we should write—only letters, only letters—they would be our children, you said—only ghosts—fancies—what was it I told you?—the secret—I'd die like a rat in a trap!—but you loved me, Stella!"

"Oh, yes, I loved you!" Lucy Adelaide said, her sad heart teaching her ardor. "How I loved you!"

"And then you went away—and after months they told me you were dead—but I knew you would come back—once, long ago, I saw you! I was not sure, quite—and often you passed—but was it our daughter? I forgot. My head—my head! Say it is you!"

"It is Stella, it is Stella," she iterated, passionately. His hold relaxed. His eyes were soft and young with the love that filled them."

"We'll go soon," he said, in a fainting voice, "when I'm well—when my head—to the rose garden—you shall stand by the sun—the sun—" He muttered thickly, and paused.

Lucy heard a clicking sound in his throat. A film grew over his eyes and dulled there, but only for an instant. The light that flared suddenly behind it burned away.

"The roses—" he said again, and his voice was the shadow of a sound. "The moonlight—the shine of your hair—" The light behind his eyes went out. They closed gently.

She became aware that something that lived was standing in the doorway, that it had been there a long time, waiting for her to turn. She looked up into John Shepley's eyes.

"He's dead," she said, pitifully.

"Yes, I know—that is the best way out."

She watched him dreamily, as he came over and lifted the old man, laid him in a seemly position and covered him with the bedclothes.

Something whirled off from the disarranged folds, jarred along the floor and lay open at Lucy Adelaide's feet. Mechanically, she picked it up. It was a daguerreotype. She tried to look at it. After a while she saw, through the fog that whirled before her eyes, that it was a portrait of her Aunt Lucy, a duplicate of the one she owned. It dropped from her hand.

John Shepley knelt beside her. "Now you understand?" he asked.

"Yes."

"But I love you," he went on. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"No. It killed me not to know—but I'm glad, now."

"He had to do it, too—he gave up the woman he loved."

"My aunt. I have her copy of the diary of Swift and Stella, that they read and marked together."

John Shepley took this as if there were no wonder in it. He arose. "He killed himself, too, as I am killing myself—"

"As you are killing me!"

His glance devoured her face. "You are not well," he said, brokenly. "What is it?"

Lucy Adelaide glowed with the rapture of seeing him again. "I'm dying, dear," she said, deliriously, "because I thought you didn't love me—you do love me, though, don't you?"

"Love you! Lucy!"

She glided into the arms he held out for her. "I shall not die now. I shall live and take care of you!"

His lips lingered on hers. "My love, I'd rather see you like him!"

Lucy Adelaide looked at the peaceful, dead face. As if it gave her courage, a new strength seemed to stiffen her thin figure.

"Listen!" she said. "Your uncle and my aunt loved each other just as you and I love. They gave each other up. It killed her and ruined his life. They tried one way out, and it failed."

"My mother died as he died." He said this in the tone of one who had said it many times to himself. "Their father before them, and his father before him. I shall go as they did." He turned away from her.

(Concluded on page 19.)

WHY I AM FOR COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

By DAVID C. COATES
Commissioner of Spokane, Wash.

Written for THE MASSES.



BEYOND any question, the Commission form of Government is an advanced step in political development, but every form of Commission Government should be considered on its own merits. While most of them embody some of the same central features, still the form can be made either autocratic or democratic, according to the provisions and details of the charter.

From the standpoint of the Spokane Commission Charter, under which we have been working now more than a year, I, as a Socialist, am emphatically in favor of the Commission form, having experienced the demonstrations of its efficiency, economy and democracy.

Our form abolishes wards and aldermen and provides for five commissioners to be elected at large. Wards are simply political trading grounds for aldermen, at the expense of the city's general welfare. Now we do municipal work when and where it is needed, and not because of the political effect it will have on the position of an alderman in his ward.

The five commissioners elected chose a presiding officer, who is called "Mayor"—the legal representative of the city, but who has no veto or other power beyond any other commissioner—and assign each commissioner to his department.

I was assigned as Commissioner of Public Works, with full power to carry out work of that department. I introduced and had passed an ordinance providing for the day labor system of doing public improvement, for the \$3 per day wage scale, employing only citizens (solving the contract immigration problem in a large measure); enforced the eight-hour day law; cut out grafting of paving companies, contractors, etc., in the interest of the working class and citizens in general.

These things had to have Council endorsement, but a department commissioner has greater power and influence than if he were a mere alderman.

I paid a visit to Milwaukee last fall, and I discovered while there that the policy I was able to enforce in my own department resulted more in the interest of the working class than was being done by the Socialist majority in Milwaukee under the old system of city government.

All important legislation must be by roll-call. All acts are published in the official gazette, issued by the city once a week; ordinances are not effective for thirty days after passage and 10 per cent. petition of citizens will hold up any ordinance and compel its change or submission to vote of the people. People can initiate legislation on 10 per cent. petition, and commissioners can refer legislation to the people; 20 per cent. petition will force a special election for recall of commissioners, and 15 per cent. petition will force recall at regular elections for commissioners whose terms have not expired.

We elect under what is known as the preferential voting system, abolishing primaries and party elections; petition of twenty-five citizens nominates; electors voting first, second and other choices—making it possible for each elector to vote for every candidate running if he so desires. These choices break up political combinations of public service corporations, bankers, saloon men and vice elements, as usually prevails under the old system, as those elected must have a majority vote. Under this system, I am in favor of the non-partisan feature, as it gives the Socialist a better chance to reach the voters with his principles, and, besides, prevents all factionalism in the party (this condition being the great destroyer of political parties), as all who desire may run for office and on election day the candidates stand on their merits, as they do on a party referendum vote.

The five commissioners are paid \$5,000 a year each, and are required to devote their entire time during business hours to the transaction of the city's business, which makes possible speed and proper attention. The placing of the legislative and administrative functions in the same hands tends to economy and efficiency.

To conclude, I will say that the Commission form of government in Spokane has demonstrated that it is

an evolutionary step in the direction of efficiency, economy and democracy, which are embodiments of the principles of Socialism, and I do not hesitate in saying that such members of the Socialist party who are opposing the proper form of Commission Government are making a serious mistake and keeping the party in the narrow, inflexible and dogmatic rut, which has ever hampered the party in its mission of emancipating the working class from political and industrial thrall.

THE WEAKNESS OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

By CARL D. THOMPSON
Ex-City Clerk, Milwaukee

Written for THE MASSES.

SO far as I can see, the commission form of government offers no contribution of any importance to the problem of municipal government.

Its friends claim a great increase in efficiency for it. And yet there is not a single achievement in efficiency under the commission form that has not been equaled if not surpassed by some municipal governments operating under the council form.

Its friends claim a greater degree of democracy for it. But the claim rests solely upon the fact that the initiative, referendum and the recall usually accompany it. But there are whole cities, States and even nations, operating under these forms of democracy without dreaming of a commission form of government. They are no essential part of the commission form.

And, besides, the idea is open to serious objection at this point. Not only is the extreme concentration undemocratic, but there is another fatal objection from the standpoint of democracy—there is no provision for a minority representation. Not a single advocate of the commission form of government seems to have ever dreamed of proportional representation.

The universal form everywhere makes it impossible for the working class to secure any representation until they are able to muster a majority. Under the council form, with elections by wards, the minority has a chance to secure representation by carrying certain wards or districts.

If the commission form brought with it any added degree of home rule or freedom for the city to act independently, it would be much to its credit. But the movement for home rule for cities has far outstripped the mere commission form, and whole States have given their cities a degree of home rule even greater than that afforded by the commission acts. So the commission form can hardly claim any credit in that direction.

And, finally, the commission reformers show no grasp of the general problem of municipal government. They have learned nothing, it seems to me, either from the actual working out of municipal tasks or from the experience in other lands.

For example, the best governed cities in the world are those of Germany. In every sense, more efficient and more progressive, too, than our best governed American cities. It will require a decade at least for our foremost commission cities to come within sight of the progress of the German cities.

Yet our commission reformers have learned nothing from the German experience. The German cities have the council form, and always have had. Next to the German cities, those of England are best governed. They, too, have the council form.

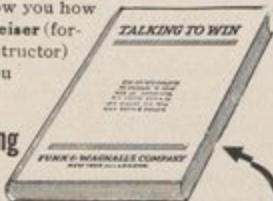
With that splendid scorn for the achievements of other peoples which is making the American politician the butt of real statesmen, our reformers stumble into things without due consideration, without a consistent policy and without a constructive program.

So it seems to me our cities are being stumbled into this new fad. Nothing so very bad about it perhaps, but nothing to commend it. Its best friends are busy all the time patching it up so as to make it work better. By the time they are through patching we may have discovered a better way.

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PROGRESS AND THE WORKINGMAN

BY JOSEPH
E. COHEN

Written for THE MASSES



THOUGHTFUL people are those who pause from their labor of growing wheat and casting railroads across continents to ask themselves: Is progress no more than a continuation of what we and the rest of human society are now busy at, or are there new channels into which the flow of experience must pour if it is to bring us a fuller and better life?

And such speculation carries us plumb against the necessity of seeing things as they are at their very worst—as things are unto the least of us. And the picture of things as they are unto the least of us, being at the same time a picture of things as they are unto the most of us, cannot be overdrawn.

Now, if we consider that vast numbers of the people grovel for their bread in direst poverty; that their own hopes and those of their dear ones for the morrow are menaced by the fear of unemployment, invalidity and old age; that only through charity portions of sweetness and joy seep into their lives, and that the burn which stings deepest is the reiterating monotony of it all, can we come to any conclusion other than that it is high time for us to hitch up the chariot of progress for another start?

And if we are to make a fresh start, let us place in ourselves a trifle more of confidence than we used to. Let us not lay unction to our souls with the slander that the earth is niggard and that the poor shall always be with us. Let us start with the proposition that the quest of food is no longer *x*, the unknown quantity, but *a, b, c*, what all of us are to learn best of all.

Just to go no further without saying something to shock the reader, we offer the suggestion that the man whose special occupation and gift it is to start the chariot of progress is the ordinary workingman.

The workers have been pegging away through their labor unions for many years, and have made what seem to some no inconsiderable gains. Sporadically, too, they have sought improvement in exchange for their votes. More recently it is this last line of procedure which has been shaping itself more sharply and which is fetching results. Stepping into politics, the workers do not, in one sweep, embrace a grand social idea and hasten in a day to remodel the world after their own image. They begin more modestly. They lend a hand here and put their shoulder there; they send a man to a council here, there another to the state legislature; capture a city government and try out a representative in Congress. But all this is merely testing and tapping; tapping, to sound the strength of the Chinese wall about the guarded throne of social iniquity. And whatever march and retreat and countermarch there need be, the tapping has already shown that the citadel is not impregnable, that the wall can be demolished and the throne toppled over.

However meagre, in the eye of the critic, be the progress already made toward the workers' regeneration, it is obvious on all sides that the statesmen of the old school, credited with being wise only in the smaller things and hardly even sagacious in the larger ones, are still shrewd enough to sense the throb, the onrush and the impact of the gathering forces of change.

Again, it is asked if this activity of the workers is more than imitation of what the ruling class does? Are the workers to do no better than use the civilization ready to hand; or may they be depended upon to render a contribution of their own?

True enough, the workingman to-day apes the upper class in dress, in mannerism, in morality. His ideas are largely second-hand. Workingmen elevated to foremanship sometimes become the meanest of slavedrivers. Others, "clothed with a little brief authority," become dictatorial to the point of arrogance. Still others turn traitor toward the bosom which nourished them.

But these are only the shadows before the advancing movement. As that movement faces to the dawn instead of to the darkness, the shadows sink to the rear and are forgotten.

The worker can begin only by imitating his superiors—by picking up the material at hand. Only as he gains confidence in himself, only as he comes to realize that, joined in mass action with his fellows, he is superior to his superiors, does he outgrow his surroundings, break through the crust of his cramp-

ing environment, and begin the task of building a new temple and a new world.

Again, it is asked, have the workers formed a new ideal for themselves; have they a vision of a new social order?

And it has been said that the middle class have given the workers the ideal of their movement. This is one of those half truths which journalism hatches, and which pass unchallenged because their charming novelty excites our admiration. Sure enough, the middle class have given the workers an abundance of fancies—including both Utopian Socialism and anarchism. But many of these fancies have had to be repudiated altogether; still others are serviceable only to the degree that they are assimilated and wrought in as transitional influences.

The attitude of the middle class critic is that the workers are only opportunists, with no outlook other than to reform their lot a pennyworth at a time. That may be.

Yet, though their horizon may have framed only a slit of sunlight, the fact remains that the workers have fought tenaciously for their rights and are the chief fighting stock of the race. And however much the horizon of those who are not workingmen may appear to reach higher and farther, the fact also remains that it is the workers who must be the body of every social movement, because it is the blending of ideal and mass that alone can make progress possible.

The progress of the workers in class consciousness and the progress of the world in social consciousness—these are the redeeming points in the present state of things.

So, while the workers owe some measure of their social ideal to others, the middle class owe it to themselves still more to swing their weight into this movement of the workers, the most vital movement there is, for otherwise they will stagnate of inbreeding in their artificial modes of existence, their drawing-room inanities, their toy democracies and their moonshine utopias. The middle class folk may come or not, as they choose—the workers will serenely go their way.

Is the worker forming a vision all his own? The meat of the matter is, it has too long been supposed that he is of the earth earthy and cannot look up and about and beyond. For, opportunist though he be, insisting first upon sundering the bonds that confine him closest, the worker, nevertheless, is beginning to see a vision that is the clearest, sanest and rarest of all time—the vision of a world free from economic ills, free from purchased affection and unrequited genius, free from strife among classes and conflict among nations—the vision of an era when social ideals are become realities.

The vision of the worker is that which, in material affairs, is satisfied neither with the bargains closed by capital nor with those won from day to day by labor; it is a vision that does not accept as final either our present institutions or the iconoclast's repudiation of them; it is a vision that reaches far beyond our present dilettante culture and the philistine's demur over it; it is a vision that, in morality, is neither enclosed within the present triangle of prostitution, marriage and divorce, nor within the anarchist's reaction against it; it is a vision that, in religion, neither worships at the cold shrine of a merciless, money-sated god, nor strikes fire at the atheist's negation of it; it is a vision that springs from these only as the flower rises out of the muck; it is a vision that, even if beginning from despair and the revolt against despair, has since been charged with a message of social promise and the assurance of the fulfilment of that promise.

Our good friends, the sociologists (Lester F. Ward foremost) tell us that even now the working class has as great a capacity for achievement as any other class. And minding what forward steps have been taken in the past few decades, is it too much to swing with a right lusty arm the circle of hope and expectation for the worker, and say that in twenty-five or fifty years after the workers of the world have gained their political freedom and economic security, we shall have a civilization such as even the dreamers of our movement have never conceived of?

This, then, is the vision of the new democracy, the democracy of toil and enjoyment common for all, which is to mark an epoch in the cycle of human progress and which the worker, plodding slowly up the hill, is to attain for himself and for all the world.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM PALESTINE

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

Written for THE MASSES.



IGURING that remoteness in time is the same as remoteness in space, we may speak of a certain little corner of the earth during a certain few months nearly two thousand years ago as a place from which news comes to us now day by day—news of intense interest and of vital value to mankind. I speak of Palestine during the months of Jesus' public life, and of the new light we are getting on the events of those months, in these days of daring inquiry.

As an instance of what I mean, consider one moment of the highest crisis in the life of Jesus. The simple report published forty or fifty years after his death reads thus, plainly rendered into modern English:

"Presently they came to a garden known as Gethsemane. 'Sit down here,' Jesus said to his disciples, 'while I am praying.' He took Peter, James and John with him, and began to show signs of great dismay and deep distress of mind. 'I am sad at heart,' he said, 'sad even to death; stay here and watch.' Going on a little further, he threw himself on the ground and began to pray that if possible he might escape his time of trial. 'Father,' he said, 'all things are possible to thee; take away this cup from me; yet, not what I wish, but what thou wishest.'

The picture is most affecting. We tread the ground with reverence; yet the question must press upon us—What was it that was so terrible to the young hero? Not his own impending agonies and death; that notion is barred by every trait he had displayed. The question—

"What was the precise ground of his distress?" is crucial. If we could know its answer, we should have touched the mainspring of his career.

It happens that within a year two neighbors of ours here in New York have given their several answers to this weighty question. One is the venerable and amiable Lyman Abbott, who writes thus:

"What must it have been to bear thus the burden of a whole world's sins? To see revealed as in an instantaneous vision the dark deeds and darker thoughts of generations past and generations yet to come; to see the book of life unrolled and in it to trace the history of sensual passions and tyrannies, of enslavements of the poor and self-enslavements of the rich, of strange superstitions mumbled, cruel theologies taught, remorseless persecutions inflicted, savage wars fought, in his name and under the sacred symbol of his cross; and to feel the bitterness of it all, and perhaps even the hopelessness of the struggle against it; and above all to feel a certain strange sense of participation in this life of humanity because he, too, was human?"

The other view, untinged by religious romanticism, comes from a younger man. It reads thus:

"Leaving his disciples, Jesus goes a few paces into the darkness. There he falls upon his face; he cries to heaven in his agony. Just when his cause had commenced to move so auspiciously, with the representatives from the world-wide dispersion rallying to him and with an entering wedge among the Jewish ruling class itself, to be trapped in the dark and slain in this fashion—it broke him down! Not fear for himself caused the agony of that Gethsemane moment. He had been born and bred to a life of hardness. His fear was for the stability of his disciples. One of them had already gone over to the enemy. Would it not be

thus with them all? 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.' (This anxiety for the continued ongoing of the word is revealed in his request a few minutes later—of a shrewdness unsuspected by the enemy, or they would not have granted it—that his captors take only himself and spare his disciples: 'If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way.') He had many things yet to say unto those disciples, and now he was to be wrested from them. He had only begun to deliver his message in its large unfoldings. Considering how treasured is every slightest word of The Carpenter, his untimely taking off was a loss to the literature of the world. For he was still in his thirties. That oceanic mind had in it depths of thought as yet unplumbed, pearl beds of imagery as yet untapped. He was the liveliest man that ever lived; and he was never more alive than at this moment wherein his precious successes in Galilee had culminated in far more important successes in Jerusalem itself with the eyes of the world at gaze upon him. A master of situations, a prolific brain, of unwearyed intellectual energy, a tireless activity, an elasticity of mind that was adapting itself with ease to the most widely divergent conditions, rich in passion, bending everything to his iron will—these powers were now redoubling beneath the stimulus of success and popularity. That rarest of blends—a man of imagination and action—he was but just at the threshold of his career. Hence the Gethsemane prayer, the strong man crying out against his untimely taking off."

The last quotation is taken from "The Call of the Carpenter," the work of a brilliant ex-minister who has seen a great light, and has joined the ranks of the labor agitators, Bouck White.

The main question which perplexes us as we study all that is available upon the life of Jesus is this: What precisely was his great attempt, the attempt to which he devoted his life and in which he lost it? This question is wrapped up in the other question—What kind of a man was he in reality? When we

once get out of the theological and sentimental fog, and look with our own eyes in the clear sunlight at the Gospels, we soon discover that as they read on the surface, those bundles of consecutive fragments do not build into any one consistent picture of the living man and of his real purpose. At least four distinct and diverse pictures stand out by turns.

There is first the orthodox, theological picture of a personage from Heaven of the very highest rank there, called by the Church the Second Person of the Trinity, who had assumed a human body and lived a man's life as incidental to a vast drama acted out before an assemblage of unseen spirits, arranged, as it were, in a colossal amphitheatre, rank above rank; the successive acts of the drama being the Crucifixion, undergone to satisfy Eternal Justice and expiate the sins of the human race; then the Resurrection, then the Ascension to Heaven, and finally, the Last Judgment, that stupendous scene yet to come. A quite other picture, visible here and there in the Gospels, is that of a mild and philosophic teacher, an Emersonian convert and consoler of select individuals. A third image is that of a wonder-worker, breaking the laws of Nature in random and sometimes grotesque fashion, foretelling an impending catastrophe to the physical world, in the midst of which he himself is to appear as a demi-god, riding upon a cloud, to execute vengeful justice. And lastly there is unmistakably the picture of a veritable man, treading this solid earth, his thoughts and purposes pertaining to here and now; a fierce hater of cruel wealth and privilege, a revolutionary democrat.

Every one of these four pictures has been found in the Gospels by minds prepossessed in favor of that one; but to the candid eye, though they may all be

there, they refuse to merge into one. The main purpose of the actual man Jesus could not have been a blend of minds so diverse; he must have been one of the four and not the others. But to establish any one of the pictures as a reality, as a strong convincing unit of personality, there must be re-arranging of the materials given in the Gospels; there must be an ignoring of some items; there must be reading between the lines.

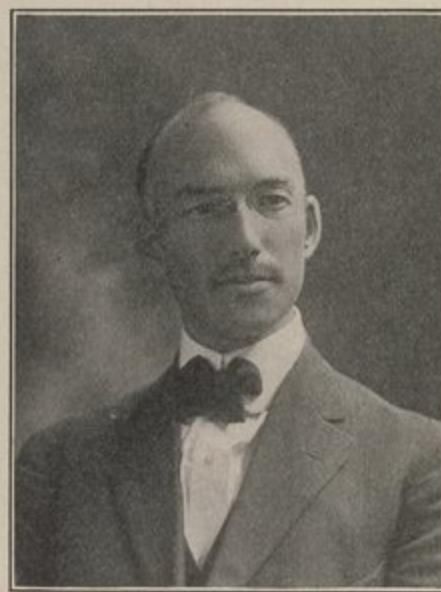
Bouck White has undertaken this imperative task. The Jesus whom he digs out from the fragments of narrative is the democrat of this work-a-day world; and he gives a rational and life-like view of his great attempt. His attempt was, in a word, to effect an awakening of democratic self-respect among the Jewish people at home, then among the multitude of Jews living in other countries, and finally, through these last, among the working class in all countries: an awakening which should lead to a world-wide revolution against the despotism of Rome. The picture as he draws it is full of vivid details, and most startling and fascinating are the inferences on which he bases it. There is not a dull page in the book, not even a dull sentence.

Although Bouck White has handled his subject like an inspired genius and has struck out a figure instinct with life and truth, he has doubtless made a false stroke here and there. The most serious of these seems to arise from his eagerness to be unconventional, and from some disregard of scholarship. There is no need of supposing that Mary's first child was born out of wedlock or in any way abnormally. No such thought had occurred to the early Hebrew Christians; it was Greek Christians who, misled by a mistranslation in the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Old Testament, believed that Isaiah had prophesied that the Messiah should be born of a virgin, and accordingly altered in four or five places the record which they had received from the Hebrew Christians, importing into it the notion of the virgin birth. This they did by adding one short story, prolonging a conversation in another story, and inserting or changing two or three phrases.

Bouck White believes that the call of the Carpenter is to ring through the world once more, and this time to purpose, because there is now a vast multitude of workers in all lands ready to be aroused. Certainly from the point of view of broad tactics, the name of Jesus is an asset of enormous value which we Socialists have not yet begun to use as we might. It is a great piece of luck, to say the least, that one of the great religions of the world, that religion which is professed by the foremost nations, happened to be founded by a mechanician, and that his recorded sayings contain a stratum of solid working class sentiment. The admiration and love felt for Jesus to-day throughout the world, as sincerely without as within the churches, ought logically to turn into devotion to the cause of the workers, and what a reinforcement that would be! Let the name of Jesus be rescued from those who have stolen it. Listen to our author:

"The Carpenter of Nazareth is the democracy's chief asset; to suffer themselves to be defrauded of their birthright in him, were criminal negligence. He is the greatest arouser of the masses which human annals have recorded. 'He stirreth up the people,' is his biography in five words. 'This child shall be for the falling and rising again of many,' said one, when the babe was still in swaddling clothes. His footprints through Palestine were dragons' teeth, raising up a harvest of armed souls, helmeted for warrior work. Gifted with vision into the world of the unseen, he enlisted all the powers of that unseen world on the side of the dispossessed. His theology had an inflammatory purpose. His ethics was the ethics of self-respect, a brand of ethics which is the destroyer of servitude and the begetter of freedom in every age and under every sky. He identified himself with the proletariat, those a-hungry, thirsty, stranger, naked, sick, and in prison—'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' He lived their life, he died their death. And those pierced hands to-day are lifting empires off their hinges.

"By holding with Jesus, the democracy obtains the momentum of the centuries. Historic continuity is of incalculable advantage. Had the *Sturm und Drang* period in Europe a century ago identified itself with the stream of democracy which issues from Galilee, it might have been other than a fire in straw, and the world had been saved the reaction that followed, lasting seven decades. From the summit of twenty centuries Jesus overleaps the democracy to-day, and is ambitious to reinforce it with ancestral wisdom and



BOUCK WHITE

the might of the martyrs. It is no small advantage to the social movement that it can claim as its lord him who redated the calendar. The springs of modern democracy are in Nazareth. A movement is powerful to the extent that it has back of it the push of the centuries. History is the key to futurity."

This is no humdrum book. Let no one imagine because he has read this review that he has read the book, or that he can afford to leave it unread. It abounds in stinging phrases and in unexpected glimpses of the past and new ways of looking at the present. Read it and see.

MATERIALISM OF THE GERMAN WORKING-CLASS

(Concluded from page 10.)

a cause of joy to every laborer and every friend of labor. The more active a worker is in his union, the more he furthers the well-being of his comrades, and, thereby his whole class, and the more he merits honor.

In order to confirm these statements it is only necessary to review the educational work that a modern union does. From the very beginning it has taken pains to enlighten its members and enlarge the extent of their knowledge. Educational questions are discussed in thousands of meetings: the development of mankind from primitive times to present civilized conditions is portrayed to the workers; the history of past class struggles is laid before them; the world's literature is placed at their disposal. In other words, there is no work of general education that the organization does not push. *And added to this is the educational work done year after year by the working-class press.*

The attempts of the organization extend even into the field of art, in its widest sense. Through recitation evenings, through the presentation of plays, through concerts, art is brought nearer to the heart of the people. By visiting picture galleries and museums, the love of the beautiful is given satisfaction. It is thus the modern unions busy themselves with the needs of the workers—we would like to know what the state has ever done for such education of the worker?

But not only does the union desire to build the head and heart of the worker; it also regards as its task the steeling of his will and the forming of his character. It plants the feeling of solidarity in his heart, it teaches discipline, sacrifice and faithfulness to comrades. And it directs the glance of the poorest worker to the lofty goal that beckons in the future. It makes the will strong and unyielding that it may not waver until the goal is reached. It awakens class consciousness in the organized worker and makes him aware of his worth and dignity.

The expanding of the right to organize, into the duty to organize, the fact that the necessity of organization has become flesh and blood to the worker, such is the result of the proletarian educational work.

Dare anyone say, when such results have been obtained, that the modern labor movement is ruled by materialistic sentiment and that it kills idealism? Anyone who makes such an assertion simply does not know the conditions. But the German unions do not allow such groundless criticism to swerve them from their course. They know that they are on the right road and that they will gain the recognition of all who have practical knowledge and experience.

READ THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER

By
BOUCK WHITE

"Ranks easily among the half-dozen most remarkable books of the year in America. * * * It depicts Jesus, not as an ecclesiastic, but as a labor agitator, intellectually one of the world's great geniuses, spiritually no less marvelous, but still primarily a preacher of discontent, a fighter of the Roman system. * * * There is no doubt of the purpose of Mr. White's book. It is calculated to increase the discontent of to-day, to foster class consciousness, and to breed Socialism.—*Tribune, Los Angeles, Cal.*

All the enthusiasm about Bock White I subscribe to. I think him a very remarkable man, and I hope his teaching can have the widest influence. I have read his books with enthusiasm and given away many copies.—*Rev. Percy S. Grant.*

The Call of the Carpenter is a book unquestionably of genius and prophetic fire. It gives a new and almost startling point of view, and is calculated to do a great deal of good.—*Rev. W. D. P. Bliss.*

I have read The Call of the Carpenter with the greatest interest. It is one of the most thought-provoking books that has come to my attention in a long time. I wish for it a wide distribution.—*Ben. B. Lindsay, Denver, Colo.*

In a long time of wide reading, no book has gripped me and fetched me like The Call of the Carpenter. I take the opportunity of expressing my personal appreciation of your great work. Will you trouble to suggest the titles of a few books of dynamic power in harmony with yours?—*Rev. R. S. Kellerman, Blanchester, Ohio.*

Will you grant me an interview? I am at present reading your book for the third time. To my mind the book is an epoch-making book. As far as my literary experience goes, its treatment is unique. Nothing to my knowledge has ever appeared, so broad, so audaciously catholic, and, withal, so lovely and tender in dealing with the character of Jesus.—*A. H. Sotheran, New York.*

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THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

(Concluded from page 6.)

houses—one representative of industries, the other representative of the whole electorate."

And, speaking about the I. W. W., such is their formula. But the formula is the least important phase of the matter. What is important about the phenomenal development of the I. W. W. is the fact, which grows clearer every day, that the modern action of labor differs from the old. It is not a question of reform, amelioration and the like; it is a spontaneous movement to seize on all industry. The real function of the strike is not only to keep shaving off layer after layer of the capitalist power and profit, but mainly to give the workers a sense of their solidarity, their immense might, and to give them the discipline of mass-action. As each strike is won, labor will have more and more proof of its power to seize upon civilization when it so decides. Now, this may appear to the observer as a wrongful, tyrannical method—the meeting of the violent power of labor—as wrongful, say, as the decapitation of Charles I or Marie Antoinette.

And even as the I. W. W. will assuredly grow beyond its present leaders, so the power of the party will attain a strength beyond the promises of its most sanguine sponsors. There will be no longer the attitude of desperate determination born of hopelessness. Which brings us back to the picture, which, after all, is not as hopeless as it looks. The friends of the victim have heard of his plight and they are coming to his aid. Like the invisible devil, you cannot see them, but the good ship *Socialism*, is rapidly approaching from the right-hand side of the picture. It is even now just beyond its thin black border. The youth has seen it, and his expression is no longer one of stupefied fear, but of bewildered hope. If you can only imagine the ship, with all its eager Socialistic sailors, the picture will lose much of its grimness. In fact, there is a definite air of victory about it, and the eyes of Labor seem opened to new and unexpected visions. They shine with a new activity and a new courage.

THE OTHER WAY

(Concluded from page 16.)

"Perhaps. Only—however you live or die, I must be with you. She looked over to the bed. "He killed my aunt Lucy trying one way; you owe it to me to try the other way. I'm full of hope and faith—I believe that you are going to be well always—but if you are not, you must let me take care of you. I'd rather marry you, even if you're mad, than any other man in the whole, wide world."

He shuddered. "You don't know what you are doing. No!" he pronounced, inflexibly.

"Look at me, John!" Her soft voice rounded and deepened with her conviction. She held her thin, transparent palms up to him. "I am a dying woman. You can save me now, if you care. In one month's time it will be too late. I don't want to die! I want to live and love you—if it's only for an instant—this instant that your eyes gaze into mine. Marry me, dear! I want to be your wife!"

He moved away, burying his face in his hands. He removed them finally to question with his eyes, the serene, dead face.

As if there had been some silent communion between them, as if there had been a question asked and answered, suddenly he turned a kindled look upon her.

"We'll try the other way, Lucy," he said.

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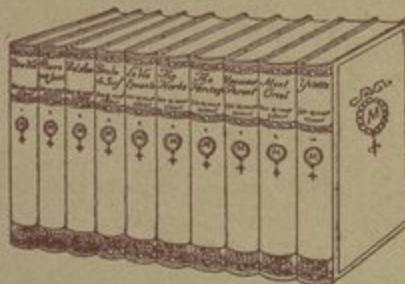
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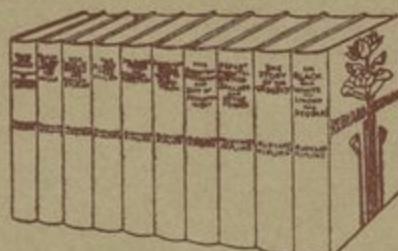
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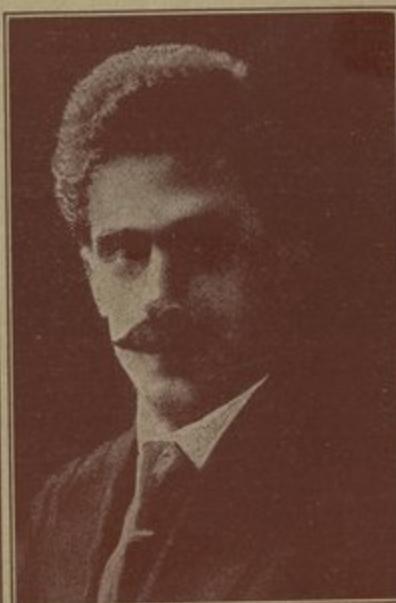
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